

THE
 GREAT
 OCEANIC
 STEAMSHIP
 COMPANY



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

FROM
THE TEXTS OF DR. GREY AND MR. THYER.
WITH THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

Now you maist know Sir Hudibras
With such perfections gifted was,
And so peculiar in his manner,
That all that saw him did him honour.....HUD. AT COURT.
But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail. HUD.'S EPIITAPH.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1777.

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Now you must know Sir
With such pretensions Sir
And to be called in his name
I am not sure that Sir
But here his words are
And now I am told that
The Reader is asked to
For his acquaintance in his
Which will produce of course the Tale
And thus and such is the end of it.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

RECEIVED AT COURT.
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VOL. II.

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AT THE BELL & CO. BY THE MARRIAGE.

1877.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SAMUEL BUTLER.

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CONTAINING HIS

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Written in the time of the late War.

FROM THE TEXT OF ZACH. GREY, LL.D.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, AND NOTES.

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Written in the late War.

FROM THE TEXT OF NACH GREY, LL.D.

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EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo House, BY THE MARRING.

1837.

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd,
To win the Lady goes in quest
Of Bidrophel the Rolytracian,
To know the Destinies' resolution;
With whom b'log met, they both chop logic
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat;
As lookers-on feel most delight,
That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
And still the less they understand,
The more th' admire his sleight of hand.
Some with a noise, a greasy light,
Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10
Some with a medicine and receipt
Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
 They're catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled; 20
 And while their purses can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of Fate,
 Apply to wizards, to foresee 25
 What shall, and what shall never be;
 And as those vultures do forebode,
 Believe events prove bad or good;
 A flam more senseless than the roguery
 Of old aurospicy and aug'ry, 30
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;
 From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
 Success of great'st attempts wou'd reckon:
 Tho' cheats, yet more intelligible, 35
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew:
 For he with beard and face made clean,
 Being mounted on his steed agen, 40

ψ. 25. Apply to wizards.] Run after, in the edition of 1664.

(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too,
 Upon his beast, with much ado)
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
 T' acquit himself, and pay his vows;
 When various thoughts began to bustle,
 And with his inward man to juggle.
 He thought what danger might accrue,
 If she should find he swore untrue;
 Or if his Squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale,
 It might at once the ruin prove
 Both of his honour, faith, and love:
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude he 'ad broke his vow;
 And that he durst not now, for shame,
 Appear in court to try his claim.
 This was the pen'worth of his thought,
 To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters,
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
 And with inextricable doubt,
 Besets my puzzled wits about:
 For tho' the Dame has been my bail,
 To free me from enchanted jail,
 Yet as a dog, committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,

And quits his clog; but all in vain,
 He still draws after him his chain: 70
 So tho' my ankle she has quitted,
 My heart continues still committed;
 And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
 Altho' at large; I am bound over:
 And when I shall appear in court 75
 To plead my cause, and answer for't,
 Unless the judge do partial prove,
 What will become of me and love?
 For if in our account we vary,
 Or but in circumstance miscarry; 80
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my doublet off,
 To shew, by evident record,
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,
 How can I e'er expect to have her, 85
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I'm to prove by argument, 90
 And justify I have a tail,
 And that way, too, my proof may fail,
 Oh! that I could enucleate,
 And solve the problems of my fate;
 Or find, by necromantic art, 95
 How far the Destinies take my part;

For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear her and her fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and Worship :
 For tho' an oath obliges not,
 Where any thing is to be got,
 (As thou hast prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
 And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the Moon sells,
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair :
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen sinks out of the way ;
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,
 And sows of sucking pigs are chow'd ;
 When cattle feel indisposition,
 And need th' opinion of physician ;
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip ;
 When yest and outward means do fail,
 And have no pow'r to work on ale ;

[v. 106.] William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacs foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

When butter does refuse to come, or ten more I have
 And love proves cross and humourfome; but now
 To him with questions, and with urine, that he may
 They for discov'ry flock, or curing, that he may

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel I have
 I've heard of, and shou'd like it well, and yet
 If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
 To go to forc'ers when they need 'em, and yet

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that; and yet

Those principles I quoted late, and yet 130

Prove that the Godly may allege, and yet

For any thing their privilege, and yet

And to the dev'l himself may go, and yet

If they have motives thereunto: and yet

For as there is a war between us and the dev'l 135

The dev'l and them, it is no sin, and yet

If they by subtle stratagem, and yet

Make use of him, as he does them, and yet

Has not this present Parliament, and yet

A ledger to the devil sent, and yet 140

Fully impower'd to treat about, and yet

Finding revolted witches out? and yet

And has not he, within a year, and yet

Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire? and yet

Some only for not being drown'd, and yet 145

And some for sitting above ground, and yet

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,

And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;

And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks; 150
 Or pigs that suddenly deceas't
 Of griefs unpat'ral, as he gueſt;
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the dev'l appear to Martin
 Luther in Germany, for certain? 155
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick;
 But Mart. was too, too politick.
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church?
 Sing catches to the Saints at Maſcon, 160
 And tell them all they came to aſk him?
 Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
 And ſpeak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?
 Meet with the Parl'ament's Committee, 165
 At Woodſtock, on a pers'nal treaty?
 At Sarum take a cavalier,
 I' th' Cauſe's ſervice, priſoner?
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has register'd to after-time. 170
 Do not our great Reformers uſe
 This Sidrophel to forebode news;
 To write of victories next year,
 And caſtles taken yet i' th' air?

y. 169.] This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the
 Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as ap-
 pears from his Poems enumerated by A. Wood,

Of battles fought at sea, and ships
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the King
 In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whats'e'er the Close Committee would? 180
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
 The Moon for fundamental laws?
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
 Against the Book of Common-Prayer?
 The Scorpion take the Protestation,
 And Bear engage for Reformation?
 Made all the Royal stars recant,
 Compound, and take the Covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear
 The Saints may employ a conjurer,
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
 No argument like matter of fact is:
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's principles, by what they do.
 Then let us strait advance in quest
 Of this profound gymnosophist,
 And as the Fates and he advise,
 Pursue, or wave this enterprise.
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,
 And estfoons on th' adventure rid;
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
 And to the conj'rer turn our style,

To let our reader understand
 What's useful of him before-hand
 He had been long t'wards mathematics,
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology;
 But as a dog that turns the spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet
 To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again,
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was;
 So in the circle of the arts
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
 For as those fowls that live in water
 Are never wet; he did but smatter;
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear;
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.

[v. 224.] Roger Bacon, commonly called *Frizar Bacon*, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the foolish story of the Brazen Head fastened upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

[Ib.] Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. A. D. 1235. He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome. But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned

Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
 And all men dream on't to be true,
 That in this world there's not a wart
 That has not there a counterpart;
 Nor can there on the face of ground
 An individual beard be found 230
 That has not, in that foreign nation,
 A fellow of the self-same fashion;
 So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th' inferior world.
 He 'ad read Dee's prefaces before, 235
 The Devil, and Euclid, o're and o're;
 And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th' Emperor, won'd tell ye:
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanac well-willer; 240
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there;
 Knew when she was in fittest mood
 For cutting corns, or letting blood;
 When for anointing scabs or itches, 245
 Or to the bum applying leeches;

by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally, and by letter) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

y. 235.] Dee was a Welchman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts, in quest of chymistry, &c.

y. 238.] Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder's made;
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlic, or sow pease;
 Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
 That to the Ancients was unknown;
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres;
 Their airy empire, and command,
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
 What factions they 'ave, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests.
 He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no;
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
 Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is,
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the man in
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no dog nor bitch
 That stands behind him at his breech,
 But a huge Caspian sea, or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake;
 How large a gulf his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;

How many German leagues by th' scale 275
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail,
 He made a planetary gin,
 Which rats would run their own heads in,
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expense of cheese or bacon. 280
 With lute-strings he would countesset
 Maggots that crawl on dish of meat;
 Quote moles and spots on any place
 O' th' body, by the index face;
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 285
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing;
 Cure warts and corns, with application
 Of med'cines to th' imagination;
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare,
 With rhymes, the toothach and catarrh; 290
 Chace evil sp'rits away by dint
 Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint;
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel;
 And fire a mine in China here, 295
 With sympathetic gun-powder.
 He knew what's ever's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own.
 What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
 Could make a man with, as he tells us; 300
 What figur'd slates are best to make,
 On wat'ry surface, duck or drake;

What bowling-stones, in running race
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace;
 Whether a pulse beat in the black
 Lift of a dappled louse's back; 305
 If systole or diastole move
 Quickest when he's in wrath, or loye;
 When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace; 310
 How many scores a flea will jump,
 Of his own length, from head to rump,
 Which Socrates and Chazrephon
 In vain assay'd so long ago;
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
 And not an elephant's proboscis;
 How many diff'rent specieses
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose; 320
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of zany serv'd,
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law;

ψ. 317. How many diff'rent specieses.] Species's, in editions 1664, 1674, 1684. Altered to specieses, 1689.

ψ. 325. Whachum.] journeyman to Sldrophel, who was one Tom Jones, a foolish Welshman. In a Key to a poem of Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one Richard Green, who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry,

To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as meridians in maps;
 To squander paper, and spare link,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think, 330
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise,
 To be an under-conjuror,
 Or journeyman astrologer:
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle, 335
 And men with their own keys unriddle;
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers;
 To fetch and carry' intelligence
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence, 340
 And all discoveries disperse
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers;
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redress,
 And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
 To gain themselves and th' art reputes;
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art, 350
 Which way a serving-man, that's run
 With clothes or money away, is gone;
 and called, *Hudibras in a Snare*. It was printed about the
 year 1667.

Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
 And where a watch, for half the worth,
 May be redeem'd; or stolen plate
 Restor'd at conscionable rate. 353
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master
 In quality of poetaster,
 And rhymes appropriate could make
 To ev'ry month i' th' almanack; 360
 When terms begin and end could tell,
 With their returns, in doggerel;
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
 And fowgelder with safety cuts;
 When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
 And when be temp'rate, if they will;
 When use, and when abstain from vice,
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
 And as in prison mean rogues beat
 Hemp for the service of the great, 370
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains
 To advance his master's fame and gains,
 And, like the devil's oracles,
 Put into dogg'el rhymes his spells,
 Which over ev'ry month's blank pages 375
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.
 He would an elegy compose
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose;
 In lyric numbers write an ode on
 His mistress, eating a black-pudden; 380

And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It puffed him with poetic rapture.
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests;
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts:
 A carman's horse could not pass by,
 But stood ty'd up to poetry;
 No porter's burthen pass'd along,
 But serv'd for burthen to his song:
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,
 With heads thrust thro', nail'd by the ears;
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
 Which none does hear but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song.

Those two together long had liv'd,
 In mansion prudently contriv'd,
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

[v. 404.] Mr. Butler alludes to one *Fisk* of whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk; was bred at a country-school, and designed for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Colchester; after which he came to London, and practised there.

On which was written, not in words,
 But hieroglyphic, *mute of birds*,
 Many rare pithy saws, concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning:
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope,
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tassel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies,
 That, like a bird of Paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white,
 At th' end of which there hung a light,
 Inclos'd in lantern made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear:
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 Bless us, quoth he, what dreadful wonder
 Is that appears in heav'n yonder?
 A comet, and without a beard!
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrawl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations;

Not those that drawn for signs have bin
 To th' houses where the planets inn;
 It must be supernatural, 435
 Unless it be that cannon-ball
 That, shot i' th' air, point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain,
 It ne'er came backwards down again, 440
 But in the airy region yet
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet:
 For, if it be, above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may, from far, 445
 Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite, 450
 Then peeping thro', Bless us! (quoth he)
 It is a planet, now, I see;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn: yes, 'tis clear, 455
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
 He's got between the Dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale;
 Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common, 460

And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry,
 Thro' perspective, more wittfully,
 When, by mischance, the fatal string,
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 He 'ad levell'd at a star, and hit it;
 But Sidrophel, more subtil-witted,
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this; to see a star fall
 It threatens Nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come!
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough
 The day of judgment's not far off;
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
 And some of us find out by magick
 Then since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive

ψ. 477.] William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to foretel things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant people; at other times pretended to revelations; and, upon pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russell in Cambridgeshire; and finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that Doomsday would be some day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him *Doomsday Sedgwick*.

To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing,
Was now in prospect of the mansion;
Whom he discover'ing, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, (quoth he) look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come:
The one's the learned Knight; seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all submissiveness
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness:
He held a stirrup, while the Knight
From leathern Bare-bones did alight;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say:
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay? Quoth Ralpho, 'Hither.
Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay.
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way!
Your Knight, quoth Ralpho, is a lover,
And pains intol'able doth suffer;
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards.

What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long,
 Three years it off and on has hung—
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' the day 'tis;
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
 Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointer,
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
 Mean while the Knight was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter;
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
 To give him suitable reception;
 But kept his business at a bay,
 Till Whachum put him in the way;
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
 And what he came to know, drew near,
 To whisper in the conjurer's ear,
 Which he prevented thus: What was't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd,
 In opposition with Mars,
 And no benigne friendly stars
 T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
 In Virgo? Ha! quoth Whachum, No!
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it,
 One tenth of's circle to a minute?

'Tis well, quoth he—Sir, you'll excuse—
 This rudeness I am forc'd to use;
 It is a scheme and face of heaven,
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540
 I was contemplating upon
 When you arriv'd; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear—
 Unseasonable in coming here
 At such a time, to interrupt
 Your speculations, which I hop'd 545
 Assistance from, and come to use,
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel;
 The stars your coming did foretel;
 I did expect you here, and knew,
 Before you spake, your business too. 550

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
 And I shall credit whatso'er
 You tell me after, on your word, 555
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
 Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
 And for three years has rid your wit
 And passion, without drawing bit; 560
 And now your business is to know
 If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,
 But how the devil you come by't

I can't imagine; for the stars 365
 I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse;
 Nor can their aspects (tho' you pore
 Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
 Than th' oracle of sieve and sheers,
 That turns as certain as the spheres: 370
 But if the dev'l's of your counsel,
 Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
 And 'tis on his account I come,
 To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 375
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take the alarm,
 Your bus'ness is but to inform;
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a wrong sow by the ear; 380
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by rules of art;
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusions of astrology;
 But for the devil know nothing by him, 385
 But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
 I understand your metonymy;
 Your words of second-hand intention,
 When things by wrongful names you mention; 390
 The mystic sense of all your terms,
 That are indeed but magic charms.

To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
 And that is down-right conjuring;
 And in itself more warrantable 595
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,
 Which by confed'racy are done.
 Your ancient conjurers were wont
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600
 And to their incantation stoop;
 They scorn'd to pore thro' telescope,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry almanac can tell, 605
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself—Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about:
 Your modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610
 And straight resolves all questions by't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
 The Rosycrucian way's more sure
 To bring the devil to the lure;
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin, 615
 To catch intelligences in,
 Some by the nose, with fumes, trapan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;

y. 618.] St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury,
 anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (quali-
 fications much above the genius of the age he lived in)

Others with characters and words
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds;
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
 With their own influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
 Make 'em depose and answer to
 All questions, ere they let them go.
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pommel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks
 Of past and future mountebanks.
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.

gained him first the name of a Conjuror, and then of a Saint: he is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep an holy-day in honour of him, yearly, on the 19th of May, [p. 631.] This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chymistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made, from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal.) Alasco, Palatine of Poland, Pucel, a learned Florentine, and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia, were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself: but Lilly observes, that he was so wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

Volume II.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
 In th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain. 645

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen;
 Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
 But a true dog, that would shew tricks
 For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, and yet no devil;
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go. 650

As for the Rosycrofs philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but forcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
 And Apollonius their master, 655
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is't us
 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 660
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?

'Tis not antiquity, nor author, it is his sword and
 That makes truth Truth, altho' Time's daughter;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit, 665
 Before he pull'd her out of it;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic, that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why;
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick,
 To damn our whole art for eccentric) 680

[v. 669, 670.] Such gentry were Thomas Pury the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor. John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle. John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards colonel. Richard Salway, colonel, formerly a grocer's man. Thomas Rainborough, a skipper of Lynn, colonel and Vice-admiral of England. Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk. Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Fra. Vere. Colonel John Jones, a serving-man. Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith. Colonel Pride, a fondling and drayman. Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobbler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These, and hundreds more, affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or risings, seat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages 1685
 Relate miraculous presages
 Of strange turns, in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacs? 1690
 The Median Emp'or dreamt his daughter
 Had pilt all Asia under water,
 And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches;
 And did not soothsayers expound it, 1695
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
 And, in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look'd pale for almost a year after? 1700
 Augustus having, b' oversight,
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
 Had like to have been slain that day,
 By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
 Are there not myriads of this sort, 1705
 Which stories of all times report?
 Is it not ominous in all countries,
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?

The Roman senate, when within
 The city walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations,
 (Our Synod calls Humiliations)
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
 From doing town or country hurt.
 And if an owl have so much pow'r,
 Why should not planets have much more,
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,
 And should see further, and foreknow
 More than their augury below?
 Tho' that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by;
 And this is what we take in hand
 By pow'rful Art to understand;
 Which, how we have perform'd, all ages
 Can speak th' events of our presages.
 Have we not lately, in the moon,
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
 Discover'd sea and land Columbus,
 And Magellan, cou'd never compass;
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?
 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie!

For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains;
 But on their sides, or risings, seat;
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 Relate miraculous presages
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 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie :

For Anaxagoras, long ago;
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,
 And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot iron as big as Greece; 740
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
 Because the sun had voided one;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas! is it to us, 745
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns?
 What trade from thence can you advance,
 But what we nearer have from France? 750
 What can our travellers bring home,
 That is not to be learnt at Rome?
 What politics, or strange opinions,
 That are not in our own dominions?
 What science can be brought from thence, 755
 In which we do not here commence?
 What revelations, or religions,
 That are not in our native regions?
 Are sweating lanthorns, or screen-fans,
 Made better there than they're in France? 760
 Or do they teach to sing and play
 O' th' guitar there a newer way?
 Can they make plays there, that shall fit
 The public humour with less wit?

Write wittier dances, quainter shows;
 Or fight with more ingenious blows;
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
 And wear a huger periwig?
 Shew in his gait, or face, more tricks
 Than our own native lunatics?
 But if w' outdo him here at home,
 What good of your design can come?
 As wind i' th' hypocondres pent,
 Is but a blast if downward sent;
 But if it upward chance to fly,
 Becomes new light and prophesy;
 So when your speculations tend
 Above their just and useful end,
 Altho' they promise strange and great
 Discoveries of things far set,
 They are but idle dreams and fancies,
 And savour strongly of the ganzas.
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral cause
 Why on a sign no painter draws
 The full-moon ever, but the half?
 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
 And dogs howl when she shines in water?
 And I shall freely give my vote,
 You may know something more remote.
 At this deep Sidrophel look'd wife,
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,

He put his face into a posture
 Of sapience, and began to bluster;
 For having three times shook his head 795
 To stir his wit up, thus he said:
 Art has no mortal enemies
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
 Those consecrated geese, in orders,
 That to the Capitol were warders, 800
 And being then upon patrol,
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
 That will not credit their own souls,
 Or any science understand,
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand; 805
 But meas'ring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
 Houses cry down all philosophy, 810
 And will not know upon what ground
 In Nature we our doctrine found,
 Altho' with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 As I just now have done to you, 815
 Foretelling what you came to know.
 Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers, and burglars by night?
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820

Of giving one another pledges
 Of matrimony under hedges?
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
 Cutting from malefactors shippets?
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825
 Of rebel-faints and perjurers,
 Only to stand by, and look on;
 But not know what is said or done?
 Is there a constellation there
 That was not born and bred up here? 830
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern?
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
 And is it like they have not still 835
 In their old practices some skill?
 Is there a planet that by birth
 Does not derive its house from earth,
 And therefore probably must know
 What is, and hath been done below, 840
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's periwig
 Whose liv'ry does the coachman wear? 845
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
 And therefore as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence.

Plato deny'd the world can be
 Govern'd without geometree,
 (For money b'ing the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
 In all th' affairs of church and state,
 'Tis both the balance and the weight)
 Then much less can it be without
 Divine astrology made out,
 That puts the other down in worth,
 As far as heav'n's above the earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
 Are something more significant
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce;
 And yet they're far from satisfactory,
 T' establish and keep up your factory.
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice
 Shifted his setting and his rise;
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east;
 But whether that be true or no,
 The devil any of you know.
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And were't not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground;

ψ. 873. And were't not.] And 'twere not, in the four first editions. Altered in edit. 1689.

As sage Empedocles of old, 875
 And from him modern authors hold.
 Plato believ'd the sun and moon
 Below all other planets run.
 Some Mercury, some Venus seat
 Above the Sun himself in height. 880
 The learned Scaliger complain'd
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd;
 That in twelve hundred years and odd,
 The sun had left its ancient road,
 And nearer to the earth is come 885
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home;
 Swore 'twas a most notorious sham,
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such fopperies abroad,
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd; 890
 Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the rod much more,
 That durst upon a truth give doom,
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
 Cordon believ'd great states depend 895
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's-tail's end,
 That as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
 Strow'd mighty empires up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true bears have no tails. 900

v. 894. *He knew less, &c.] He knew no more, &c.* two
 first editions 1664.

Some say the Zodiac constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
 Affirmed the Trignons chopp'd and chang'd, 905
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd;
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 This, tho' the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake, 910
 And is one cause they tell more lies,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers,
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
 For want of Accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, English
 The Quarter-days, by skilful linguist;
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat, 920
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat;
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being;
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd;

[v. 901.] This and the three following lines inserted 1674.
 In the first editions of 1664, they stand thus:

Some say the stars i' th' Zodiac,
 Are more than a whole sign gone back
 Since Ptolemy; and prove the same
 In Taurus now, then in the Ram.

Make them the constellations prompt; 923
And give 'em back their own account;
But still the best to him that gives
The best price for't, or best believes,
Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,
Have cast the versal world's nativity, 930
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats;
Some running-nags, and fighting-cocks; 935
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox;
Some take a measure of their lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile; 940
As if the planet's first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good and future ill;
Which in their dark fatal'ties lurking, 945
At destin'd periods fall a-working,
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life: 950
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do,

Catch'd all diseases, took all physick
 That cures or kills a man that is sick;
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955
 Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war;
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing off'cer and a slave; 960
 A crafty lawyer and pickpocket,
 A great philos'pher and a blockhead;
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and manslayer;
 As if men from the stars did suck 965
 Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970
 Are not these fine commodities
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vended here among the rabble,
 For staple goods and warrantable?
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975
 In th' other world to be restored.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
 You wrong the art, and artists too,

♀ 956. *Is cuckolded.* Cookolded, in the two first editions
 of 1664.

Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose, 980
I will (altho' I've done 't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more;
And draw a figure that shall tell you
What you, perhaps, forget besel you,
By way of horary inspection; 985
Which some account our worst erection.
With that he circles draws, and squares,
With ciphers, astral characters,
Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
Altho' set down hab-nab, at random. 990

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met,
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol,
And that y' were bang'd both back and side well, 995
And tho' you overcame the Bear,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave: 1000
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true! quoth he; Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
Whachum shall justify it t' your face, 1005
And prove he was upon the place:

He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead,
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative;
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us
 A constable to seize the wretches;
 For tho' they're both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers.
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony, and at the Sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one
 Unanimous opinion;
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out;
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the State's part,
 To be expos'd, i' th' end, to suffer
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer! quoth Hudibras, this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer;
To apprehend this Stygian fop-hister;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away. 1035
1040

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come on't, 1045
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rush't; 1060
The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly;
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch, 1065
 As quick as lightning, in the breech,
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a kick in that place more
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determin
 You are my prisoners, base vermin:
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know foretel?
 By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
 That in your own concerns are blind.
 Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows;
 But who his honour would defile
 To take, or sell, two lives so vile? 1080
 I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
 Which with his sword he reaps and plows,
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.
 First he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 A figure for, and so detect; 1090

A copperplate, with almanacks
 Engrav'd upon't, with other knacks
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers,
 And blank-schemes to discover nimmers;
 A moon dial, with Napier's bones;
 And sev'ral constellation stones,
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange powers
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade;
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love.
 Whachum had neither cross nor pilt,
 His plunder was not worth the while;
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt,
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
 As Rota-men of politicks,
 Straight cast about to over-reach
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
 And make him glad, at least, to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,
 Before the secular prince of darkness
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass:

[v. 1093.] John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the Civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls Sarah Shelhorn, a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her (*quod nota*) so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

And as a fox, with hot pursuit
 Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
 And while the dogs run underneath,
 Escap'd (by counterfeiting death) II120
 Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of atoms jostling in his brain,
 As learn'd philosophers give out;
 So Sidrophello cast about,
 And fell to's wonted trade again, II125
 To feign himself in earnest slain:
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
 And seeming in his breast to smother
 A broken sigh; quoth he, Where am I?
 Alive, or dead? or which way came I? II130
 Thro' so immense a space so soon?
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers,
 More formidable than a Switzer's,
 My body thro' and thro' had drill'd, II135
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd,
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose;
 Look, there he is, I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run thro': II140
 And there lies Whachum by my side
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.

Oh! oh! with that he fetch'd a groan,
And fell again into a swoon,
Shut both his eyes, and stopt his breath,
And to the life out-acted death,
That Hudibras, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
He held it now no longer safe
To tarry the return of Ralph,
But rather leave him in the lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himself one firke
To carry on the Public Work;
Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt,
And made their Discipline his sport;
Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
And their Conventions prov'd high places;
Disparag'd their tythe-pigs, as Pagan,
And set at nought their cheese and bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend Parsons, to my beard;
For all which scandals to be quit
At once, this juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury if he dare:
He must at least hold up his hand,
By twelve free-holders to be scann'd,
Who by their skill in palmistry,
Will quickly read his destiny,

And make him glad to read his lesson,
 Or take a turn for't at the Session,
 Unless his light and gifts prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
 For if he 'scape with whipping now,
 'Tis more than he can hope to do;
 And that will disengage my Conscience
 Of th' obligation, in his own sense:
 I'll make him now by force abide
 What he by gentle means deny'd,
 To give my honour satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in the action.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,
 And, with activity unwont,
 Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
 Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd, his palfry,
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free;
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE *

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

WELL, Sidrophel, tho' 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain;
Without trepanning of your skull,
As often as the moon's at full,
'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'ft is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of this Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674.; and is said, in a Key to a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 130 to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the Author of Hudibras, which occasioned this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the Poem. This was the gentleman who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See Poem, entitled *The Elephant in the Moon*, vol. III.

With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
 Shon'd yet be deaf against a noise 15
 So roaring as the public voice?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in ev'ry crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheel-barrow, or turnip-cart, 20
 Or your new nick'd-nam'd old invention
 To cry green-Hastings with an engine;
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
 And torn your drumheads with the sound)
 And 'cause your folly's now no-news, 25
 But overgrown, and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of Nature;
 When Folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears; 30
 For who but you could be possess'd
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
 Put you into a way, at least,
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical Intrigues,
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies,
 Of curing wounds and sores in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps;
 Recovering shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and blotches in their rinds,
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young,
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth, but childhood too.
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face,
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;

All arts and sciences advance,
 With screwing of your countenance,
 And with a penetrating eye,
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,
 Than those that have been bred up in't,
 And yet have no art, true or false,
 To help your own bad naturals;
 But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes.
 Hence 'tis that 'cause ye 'ave gain'd o' th' college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control,
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 And faucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to:
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone:
 No, tho' ye 'ave purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame;

[ψ. 91, 92.] These two lines, I think, plainly discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of *Sidrophel*; for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years Agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely in-
 " to the Committee this day, to see the man who is so fa-

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That now your talent's so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale—
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account; 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
 Tho' he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence; 110
 And put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim:

"mous in those parts where I have so long continued: I
 assure you his name is famous all over Europe. I came
 "to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that
 the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal worth
 about 50*l.* for making honourable mention of his Majesty
 in one of his almanacs; which, he says, was translated into
 the language spoke at Hamburgh, and printed, and cried
 about the streets as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to
 the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices,
 if we may credit his own history.

ψ. 105.—*Betrays.*] *Destroys*, in all the editions I have
 seen.

Tho' you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,
 That all affronts do still give place
 To your impenetrable face;
 That makes your way thro' all affairs,
 As pigs thro' hedges creep with theirs;
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and base,
 You must not think 'twill always pass;
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labour, and undone;
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find, as soon
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

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HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO I.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to wooe her.
She treats them with a masquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made;
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute,
Disdains to render in his suit;

We are now come to the Third Part of Hudibras, which is considerably longer than either the First or the Second; and yet can the severest critic say that Mr. Butler grows insipid in his invention, or falters in his judgment? No; he still continues to shine in both these excellencies; and, to manifest the extensiveness of his abilities, he leaves no art untried to spin out these adventures to a length proportionable to his wit and satire. I dare say the reader is not weary of him; nor will he be so at the conclusion of the Poem: and the reason is evident, because this last part is as fruitful of wit and humour as the former; and a poetic fire is equally diffused through the whole Poem, that burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs, or drowns, with half the trouble;
 While those who filkily pursue
 The simple, downright way and true, 10
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream their passions.
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And when the ladies prove averse,
 And more untoward to be won 15
 Than by Caligula the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hind'red,
 For trusting those they made her kindred, 20
 And still the harsher and hide-bouder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder;
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
 In purling streams or hemp departed?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Thro' th' windows of a dazzling room?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
 This to the Knight would be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use,
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,

Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways,
As fellows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
Between the Wizard and the Knight,
With all th' appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a lover,

As he was always wont to do,
When he 'ad discomfited a foe,
And us'd the only antique philters
Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.

But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held th' atchievement was too glorious

For such a conqueror to meddle
With petty constable or beadle,

Or fly for refuge to the hostels
Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice;

Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
To th' ordeal trial of the laws,

Where none escape, but such as branded
With red-hot irons have past bare-handed;

And if they cannot read one verse
I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.

He, therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,

Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
And mainprize for him to the jail,

ψ. 43. And us'd, &c.] And us'd as, in edit. 1678.

To answer, with his vessel, all
That might disastrously befall,
And thought it now the fittest juncture
To give the Lady a rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his expedition,
And conquest o'er the fierce magician;
Describe the manner of the fray,
And shew the spoils he brought away;
His bloody scourging aggravate,
The number of the blows, and weight;
All which might probably succeed,
And gain belief he 'ad done the deed:
Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
No pawning of his soul to swear;
But rather than produce his back,
To set his conscience on the rack;
And in pursuance of his urging
Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
And all things else, upon his part,
Demand deliv'ry of her heart,
Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
And person, up to his embraces.
Thought he, the ancient errant knights
Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
And cut whole giants into fritters,
To put them into am'rous twitters;
Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
Until their gallants were half kill'd;

But when their bones were drubb'd so fore;
 They durst not wince one combat more, 90
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by blows, their lovers felt.
 So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
 At once wound bulls' and ladies' fancies;
 And he acquires the noblest spouse
 That widows greatest herds of cows;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Who 'ave quell'd so vast a buffalo?
 Mean while the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's late orders to obey; 100
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of headles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the running-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber;
 When he, who had so lately sack'd
 The enemy, had done the fact; 110
 Had rifled all his pokes and sobs
 Of gimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs;
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd; 120
 And when they shou'd, at gaol-delivery,
 Upuzzle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough
 To render neither halter-proof;
 He thought it desperate to tarry,
 And venture to be accessory; 130

But rather wisely slip his fetters;
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play
He would have offer'd him that day,
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation:
And therefore much about the hour
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leaze him to the fury
Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what he 'ad done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 't was he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out;
His firm and stedfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-faints to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other cousin-german faint.

But ere the Knight could do his part, 145
 The Squire had got so much the start,
 He 'ad to the Lady done his errand,
 And told her all his tricks aforehand,
 Just as he finish'd his report,
 The Knight alighted in the court, 150
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
 And taking time for both to stale,
 He put his band and beard in order,
 The sprucer to accost and board her:
 And now began t' approach the door, 155
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
 And went to entertain the Knight;
 With whom encount'ring, after longees
 Of humble and submissive congees, 160
 And all due ceremonies paid,
 He stroak'd his beard, and thus he said:

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye;
 And now am come, to bring your ear 165
 A present you'll be glad to hear;
 At least I hope so: the thing's done,
 Or may I never see the sun;
 For which I humbly now demand
 Performance at your gentle hand; 170
 And that you'd please to do your part,
 As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
 As if he felt his shoulders ake:
 But she, who well enough knew what
 (Before he spoke) he would be at,
 Pretended not to apprehend
 The mystery of what he mean'd,
 And therefore wish'd him to expound
 His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;
 And, for those meritorious lashes,
 To claim your favour and good graces. 185

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted sence,
 And that you promis'd, for that favour,
 To bind your back to th' good behaviour, 190
 And for my sake and service, vow'd
 To lay upon't a heavy load,
 And what 't would bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other knights do oft make love;
 Which whether you have done or no 195
 Concerns yourself, not me, to know;
 But if you have, I shall confess
 Y' are honeste'r than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my truth,
 I cannot prove it but by oath; 200

And if you make a question on't,
 I'll pawn my soul that I have don't:
 And he that makes his soul his surety,
 I think, does give the best secur'ty.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure
 Against distress and forfeiture;
 Is free from action, and exempt
 From execution and contempt;
 And to be summon'd to appear
 In th' other world's illegal here,
 And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run't:

For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either,
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 They are but pris'ners on paroles.

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
 They may b' accomptable in all:
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human pow'rs,
 That all that we determine here
 Commands obedience every where;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,

It follows nothing binds to fast,
 As souls in pawn and mortgage pass;
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false;
 And there's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.
 Quoth she, What is it you would swear? 235
 There's no believing till I hear:
 For 'till they're understood, all rules
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.
 Quoth he, When I resolv'd to obey
 What you commanded th' other day, 240
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 To avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do't upon the place;
 But as the castle is enchanted 245
 By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray, 250
 I heard a formidable noise,
 Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch, and stirp,
 I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin;

Thou 'ast broke perfidiously thy oath;
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
 But spar'd thy renegade back,
 Where thou 'adst so great a prize at stake, 260
 Which now the Fates have order'd me,
 For penance and revenge, to see,
 Unless thou presently make haste;
 Time is, time was, and there it ceaseth,
 With which, tho' startled, I confess, 265
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention;
 And therefore snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load, 270
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood.
 To make my word and honour good;
 Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast, 275
 As if they 'ad been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic kissing,
 And chaste contemplative handshings;
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.

In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
 And gave their hellish rage a stop;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel,
 Who now, transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear, 290
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,
 Div'd under water, in a pound, 295
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-forc'er t' engage; 300
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 Set hedge to cut a knotred stick,
 With which I furiously laid on, 305
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir;
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd int' a worse caprich, 310
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
 Old houses in the night to haunt,

For opportunities t' improve
Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315
All feats of witches counterfeit,
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for enchantment pafs;
With cow-itch meazle like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guiney pepper; 320
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit phantastical aduowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon;
Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;
And, sillier than the antic fools,
Take treasure for a heap of coals;
Seek out for plants with signatures,
To quack off universal cures; 330
With figures ground on panes of glass,
Make people on their heads to pafs;
And mighty heaps of coin increase,
Reflected from a single piece;
To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335
Incline perpetually to witches,
And keep me in continual fears,
And danger of my neck and ears;
When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340

Which others for cravats have worn
About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment

The wretched caitiff underwent,

And held my drubbing of his bones 345

Too great an honour for pultrones;

For knights are bound to feel no blows

From paltry and unequal foes,

Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,

Do all with civillest addresses: 350

Their horses never give a blow,

But when they make a leg and bow.

I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him

About the witch with many a quest'on.

Quoth he, For many years he drove 355

A kind of broking-trade in love,

Employ'd in all th' intrigues, and trust,

Of feeble speculative lust;

Procurer to th' extravagancy

And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360

By those the devil had forfook,

As things below him, to provoke;

But b'ing a virtuoso, able

To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,

He held his talent most adroit, 365

For any mystical exploit,

As others of his tribe had done,

And rais'd their prices three to one;

For one predicting-pimp has th' odds on quibbles
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)
Is not so slight a thing to get,
For those that do his bus'ness best,
In hell are us'd the ruggedest,
Before so meriting a person 375
Cou'd get a grant, but in reversion,
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
As soon as from the body loost, 380
Becomes a puiney-imp itself,
And is another's witch's elf,
He, after searching far and near,
At length found one in Lancashire,
With whom he bargain'd beforehand, 385
And, after hanging, entertain'd:
Since which he 'as play'd a thousand feats,
And practis'd all mechanic cheats;
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes, 390
Which he has vary'd more than witches,
Or Pharoah's wizards, cou'd their switches;
And all with whom he 'as had to do,
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too;
Witness myself, whom he 'as abus'd, 395
And to this beastly shape, reduc'd,

By feeding me on beans and peas
 He grams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for deserts,
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.
 Beside—But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other feats he 'ad done,
 The Lady stopp'd his full career,
 And told him now 'twas time to hear.
 If half those things (said she) be true,
 (They're all, (quoth he) I swear by you)
 Why then, said she, that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell,
 Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post,
 Within an hour (I'm sure) at most,
 Who told me all you swear and say,
 Quite contrary another way;
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know
 If you shou'd carry me or no,
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,
 To be your match-makers and pimps,
 T' engage the devil on your side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride;
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a design and base,

You fell to vapouring and huffing;
 And drew upon him like a ruffin;
 Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before he 'ad time to mount his guard,
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desperate wound;
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
 And stole his talismanique louse,
 And all his new-found old inventions,
 With flat felonious intentions,
 Which he could bring out where he had;
 And what he bought them for, and paid;
 His flea, his morpion, and punese,
 He 'ad gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th' ablest artist of the trade;
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost,
 And altogether might amount
 To many hundreds on account;
 For which he 'ad got sufficient warrant
 To seize the malefactors errant,
 Without capacity of bail,
 But of a cart's or horse's tail;
 And did not doubt to bring the wretches
 To serve for pendulums to watches,
 Which, modern virtuosi say,
 Incline to hanging every way.

Beside, he swore, and swore it was true;
 That ere he went in quest of you,
 He set a figure to discover
 If you were fled to Ryn or Dover;
 And found it clear that, to betray
 Yourself and me, you fled this way,
 And that he was upon pursuit,
 To take you somewhere hereabout.
 He vow'd he had intelligence
 Of all that pass'd before and since;
 And found that, ere you came to him,
 Y' had been engaging life and limb
 About a case of tender conscience,
 Where both abounded in your own sense,
 Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
 Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
 And prov'd that you might swear and own
 Whatever's by the Wicked done;
 For which, most basely to requite,
 The service of his gifts and light,
 You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
 To scourge his ribs instead of your's;
 But that he stood upon his guard,
 And all your vapouring outdar'd;
 For which, between you both, the feat
 Has never been perform'd as yet.
 While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
 Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white;

(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit-hand,
As if he 'ad been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you,
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romances
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall, and cover
These reliques of your constant lover,
You have provided well, (quoth she)
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits;
A most compendious way, and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think it impose.
Why then, (quoth he) may hell surprize
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;

But there's a better way of clearing
 What you would prove, than downright swearing; 510
 For if you have perform'd the feat,
 The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the action;
 And if you can produce those knobs,
 Altho' they're but the witch's drubs, 515
 I'll pass them all upon account;
 As if your nat'ral self had don't;
 Provided that they pass th' opinion
 Of able juries of old women, 520
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
 For bellies, may do so for backs;
 Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million,
 To do is less than to be willing;
 As I am, were it in my power,
 To obey what you command, and more; 525
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you as much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care,
 To keep my wounds from taking air; 530
 For wounds in those that are all heart,
 Are dangerous in any part.
 I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battels;
 For still the longer we contend,
 We are but farther off the end; 535

But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You past in heaven on record, 540
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd;
And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545
Nor marriages clapp'd up, in heav'n,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease; 550
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve;
Love, that's too gen'rous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away; 560
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tye,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail;

Like Roman gaolers, when they slept, 363
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,
Of which the true and faithfull lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way, 370
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 375
But something past away, and sold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all things else as low,
And at the best is but a mart
Between the one and th' other part, 380
That on the marriage-day is paid,
Or hour of death, the bet is laid;
And all the rest of better or worse,
Both are but losers out of purse:
For when upon their ungot heirs 385
Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or wager laid at six and seven?
To pass themselves away, and turn
Their children's tenants ere they're born? 390
Beg one another idiot
To guardians, ere they are begot;

Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Tho' got b' implicit generation, 595
 And gen'ral club of all the nation;
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island, with four seas;
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power, 600
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling;
 While all he does upon the by, 605
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the seats he does at large.
 Such hideous sots were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent, 610
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land,
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckel'd:
 A law that most unjustly yokes 615
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality;
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration, 620

Nor writ of Error, nor reverse
Of judgment, past, for better or worse;
Will not allow the privileges
That beggars challenge under hedges,
Who, when they 're griev'd, can make dead horses
Their sp'ritual judges of divorces, 626
While nothing else but *rem in re*
Can set the proudest wretches free;
A slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630
As spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him, of himself, t' apply;
So men are by themselves employ'd,
To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their necks into a noose, 635
They'd break 'em after to break loose.
As some whom death would not depart,
Have done the feat themselves by art:
Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
In flaming curtains, to the dead; 640
And men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs thro' all beasts, and fish, and fowl,

And has a smack of ev'ry one,
 So love does, and has ever done; 650
 And therefore tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.
 'Tis but an ague that's revert,
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
 That after burns with cold as much 655
 As iron in Greenland does the touch;
 Melts in the furnace of desire,
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
 And when his heat of fancy's over,
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover: 660
 For when he's with love-powder laden,
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
 The smallest sparkle of an eye
 Gives fire to his artillery,
 And off the loud oaths go, but, while 665
 They're in the very act, recoil:
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
 Without a sep'rate maintenance;
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,
 Trust none again till they've made over; 670
 Or if they do, before they marry,
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry,
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,
 Know how to size themselves and them.
 Whence wittiest ladies always chuse 675
 To undertake the heaviest goose:

For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust, on tick, t' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse; 680
A mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and fashionable:
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommoded least,
In soul and body two unite 685
To make up one hermaphrodite,
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
'They 'ave more punctilio's and caprices
Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
More petulant extravagances,
'Than poets make 'em in romances;
'Tho' when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames;
For then their late attracts decline, 695
And turn as eager as prick'd wine,
And all their catterwauling tricks,
In earnest to as jealous piques,
Which th' Ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow mantos of the bride: 700
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches prove:

But all the mischief is, the doubt 705
On whose account they first broke out.
For tho' Chineses go to bed,
And lie-in in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more, 710
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap;
Both lay the child to one another,
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship, only when they're found, 720
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art:
For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725
At women by appearances,
That paint and patch their imperfections
Of intellectual complexions,
And daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces; 730
Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
And mother-wits before their gallants;

Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 733
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentleness;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government, from th' easy owner; 740
 Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave;
 Find all his having and his holding,
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding;
 The conjugal petard, that tears 743
 Down all portcullices of ears,
 And makes the volly of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males, 750
 Transform 'em into rams and goats
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink
 Do rather wheedle with than think. 760

Man was not man in Paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from th' original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects, 765
And perfect his recruiting sex;
Enlarge his breed, at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other cares,
As by his dry'd-up paps appears. 770
His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side 775
Is to the manly right a bride,
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly attracts of your's, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces
That, in a mathematic line, 785
Like those in other heavens, join;
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon:

And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
 Without the other's fellowship. 790
 Our noblest senses act by pairs,
 Two eyes to see, to hear two ears;
 Th' intelligencers of the mind,
 To wait upon the soul design'd:
 But those that serve the body alone 795
 Are single and confin'd to one.
 The world is but two parts, that meet
 And close at th' equinoctial fit;
 And so are all the works of Nature,
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter; 800
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
 All which sufficiently declare
 How entirely marriage is her care,
 The only method that she uses 805
 In all the wonders she produces;
 And those that take their rules from her
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err:
 For what secures the civil life,
 But pawns of children, and a wife? 810
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry;
 So universal, all mankind 815
 In nothing else is of one mind:

For in what stupid age or nation
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or cloister'd Friars and Vestal maids, 828
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously would have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common;
 Tho' men would find such mortal leeds 831
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'T would put them to more charge of lives,
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives,
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths; 836
 For simple wearing of their horns
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?
 Could claim no right to lands or rents, 839
 But for our parents' settlements;
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
 What honours, or estates of peers,
 Could be preserv'd but by their heirs? 846
 And what security maintains
 Their right and title, but the banns?
 What crowns could be hereditary,
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,

And with their consorts consummate
 Their weightiest interests of state;
 For all the amours of princes are
 But guarantees of peace or war;
 Or what but marriage has a charm,
 The rage of empires to disarm;
 Make blood and desolation cease,
 And fire and sword unite in peace;
 When all their fierce contests for forage
 Conclude in articles of marriage;
 Nor does the genial bed provide
 Less for the int'rests of the bride,
 Who else had not the least pretence
 T' as much as due benevolence;
 Could no more title take upon her
 To virtue, quality, and honour,
 Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
 And feme-coverts t' all mankind.
 All women would be of one piece,
 The virtuous matron, and the miss;
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train,
 The same with those in Lewkner's lane,
 But for the diff'rence marriage makes
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
 Besides the joys of place and birth,
 The sex's paradise on earth,
 A privilege so sacred held,
 That none will to their mothers yield,

But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door:
And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind, by careful Nature,
Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her the same way
It seldom misses to betray,
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the Liturgy indenture.
And tho' some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer;
That makes no breach of faith and love,
But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve:
For as, in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before and win the post,
Yet when they're at their races' ends,
They're still as kind and constant friends,

And, to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease;
 So all those false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove
 To be but new recruits of love,
 When those who're always kind or coy,
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are the loudest clamours more
 Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour;
 Like music, that proves bad or good,
 According as 'tis understood.
 In all amours a lover burns
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns;
 And hearts have been as oft with fullen
 As charming looks surpris'd and stolen:
 Then why should more betwitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour?
 For discords make the sweetest air,
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs;
 Two slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd;
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual;
 An act and deed that makes one heart
 Become another's counter-part;
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Enroll'd and register'd above.

To seal the slippery knots of vows,
Which nothing else but death can loose: 930
And what security's too strong
To guard that gentle heart from wrong,
That to its friend is glad to pass
Itself away, and all it has,
And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
This world, for the heav'n of a lover?
I grant (quoth she) there are some few
Who take that course, and find it true,
But millions whom the same does sentence
To heav'n b' another way, repentance. 940
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
Tho' all they hit they turn to lovers,
And all the weighty consequents
Depend upon more blind events
Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
With greatest cunning at Piquet,
Put out with caution, but take in
They know not what, unsight, unseen,
For what do lovers, when they're faste
In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
But strive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a prize, away?
To change the property of selves,
As sucking children are by elves?
And if they use their persons so, 955
What will they to their fortunes do?

Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And *All my worldly goods*—but spoke,
 (The formal livery and feisin
 That puts a lover in possession)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flam that's superseded:
 To that their faith is still made good,
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd;
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 We 'ave nothing left we can call ours:
 Our money's now become the Miss
 Of all your lives and services,
 And we forsaken and postpon'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd;
 Which as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors
 (As we had been) for new amours.
 For what did ever heirefs yet,
 By being born to lordships, get?
 When, the more lady she's of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners,
 Pays for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines;
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the dev'l does witches,

Who takes it for a special grace 985
 To be their cully for a space,
 That, when the time's expir'd, the drazels
 For ever may become his vassals;
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
 Betrays herself, and all sh' inherits; 990
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds;
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting fruits 995
 Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies,
 To portions and inheritances;
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition; 1000
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too, for the mother's sake.
 For these you play at purposes, 1005
 And love your love's with A's and B's;
 For these at Beste and L'Ombre wooe,
 And play for love and money too;
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 At right gallanting of a fan; 1010
 And who the most genteely bred
 At sucking of a vizard-bead;

How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command new garters;
 And solidly discourse upon 1013
 All sorts of dresles *pro* and *con*:
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made;
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020
 And no way possible to do't
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply, to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd past amours;
 Aft o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain;
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord! what an am'rous thing is want!
 How debts and mortgages inchant!
 What graces must that lady have,
 That can from executions save!
 What charms, that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent!
 What magical attracts, and graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire facias*!
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040

These are the highest excellences
 Of all your true or false pretences;
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
 And, like a candle in the socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
 The blows grew louder still and louder;

Y. 1053, 1054.] Two days were but yet passed since the beginning of these adventures; we are now entering into the night wherein happened the most remarkable action in the whole Poem. Mr. Butler, in this piece of management, imitated Homer and Virgil, who are equally celebrated for their night-adventures. But who are the persons that knock at the gate? probably two of the Lady's own servants: for as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambushade) had been descanting on the Knight's villainies; so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: the servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and consternation so great, that we find him falling into a swoon.

Which Hudibras, as if they 'ad been,
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright,
 To be the Wizard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
 But why, or wherefore, is a doubt
 For men will tremble, and turn paler,
 With too much or too little valour.
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage thro' his side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
 But in a fury to fly at 'em;
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she who saw in what a taking
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
 Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
 Of hospital' ty to a stranger,
 But, to secure you out of danger,
 Will here myself stand sentinel,
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel:
 Women, you know, do seldom fail
 To make the stoutest men turn tail,
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs,
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute
 As Ironside, or Hardiknute;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to fally;
 But she besought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way,
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a door,
 That, if the enemy should enter,
 He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Mean while they knock'd against the door,
 As fierce as at the gate before;
 Which made the renegado Knight
 Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way,
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The Lady for a fresh reserve.
 His duty was not to dispute,
 But what she 'ad order'd execute;
 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
 And therefore stoutly march'd away,
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Tho' in the dark, and all alone;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms,

ψ. 1086.] Two famous and valliant princes of this coun-
 try, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

Had drawn him up before a pass,
 To stand upon his guard, and face:
 This he courageously invaded,
 And, having enter'd, barricadoed;
 Inscor'd himself as formidable
 As could be underneath a table,
 Where he lay down in ambush close,
 To expect th' arrival of his foes:
 Few minutes he had lain *perdue*,
 To guard his desperate avenue,
 Before he heard a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd;
 And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell:
 He therefore sent out all his senses
 To bring him in intelligences,
 Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a trance;
 But those that trade in geomancy,
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy;
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Mean while the foe beat up his quarters,
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress;
 And as another of the same
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,

That in the same cause had engag'd,
 And war with equal conduct wag'd,
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a general of the Cavaliers
 Was dragg'd thro' a window by th' ears,
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt,
 And by the other end pull'd out.
 Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the endgel fiercely,
 As if they 'ad scorn'd to trade or barter,
 By giving or by taking quarter:
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid:
 For when a man is past his sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose,
 Or laying on of heavy blows,
 And if that will not do the deed,
 To burning with hot irons proceed.
 No sooner was he come t' himself,
 But on his neck a sturdy elf
 Clapp'd, in a trice, his cleven hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with reproof:
 Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B' our friend, thy evil genius,
 Who for thy horrid perjuries,
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,

The Brethren's privilege (against
 The Wicked) on themselves, the Saints
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent,
 For just revenge and punishment, 1170
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
 But by an open, free confession;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175
 And filch the Lady's heart away?
 To spirit her to matrimony?—
 That which contracts all matches, money.
 It was the enchantment of her riches,
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches; 1180
 That in return would pay th' expense,
 The wear and tear of conscience,
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her then? speak true! 1185
 No more (quoth he) than I love you.
 How wouldst thou have us'd her and her money?
 First turn'd her up to alimony,
 And laid her dowry out in law,
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
 Which I beforehand had agreed
 'T have put, on purpose, in the deed,
 And bar her widow's making over
 'T a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and chuse her out
T' employ their forceries about
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.
But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us?

I see you take me for an ass;
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass,
Upon a woman, well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon
For Love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following the leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd by a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.

Why didst thou chuse that curst old
Hypocrisy, to set up in?

Because it is the thriving' st calling;
 The only saints'-bell that rings all in;
 In which all Churches are concern'd;
 And is the easiest to be learn'd:
 For no degrees, unless th' employ't,
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy't:
 A gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the rabble,
 But by the laws impower'd to rout,
 And awe the greatest that stand out;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip, and come too near;
 For no sin else, among the Saints,
 Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?
 That which makes others break a house,
 And hang, and scorn ye all, before
 Endure the plague of being poor.

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
 Than all our doating politicks,
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your new Reformation;
 That we must come to school to you;
 To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an errant chouse,
 If y' were but at a Meeting-house.

'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
Because w' have let 'em out by th' year,

Truly (quoth he) you can't imagine
What wondrous things they will engage in;
That as your fellow-fiends in hell
Were angels all before they fell,

So are you like to be agen
Compar'd with th' angels of us men,

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
Thy scholar in this mystery;

And therefore first desire to know
Some principles on which you go

What makes a knave a child of God,
And one of us?—A livelihood,

What renders beating out of brains,
And murther, godliness?—Great gains,

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a hotch
That will not bear the gentlest touch;

But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th' epidemical' st plague-fore.

What makes y' incroach upon our trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.

What's orthodox and true believing
Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings
A good old Cause?—Administ'ring.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,
Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1286

What makes the breaking of all oaths
A holy duty?—Food and cloaths.
What laws and freedom, persecution?—

B'ing out of power, and contribution;
What makes a church a den of thieves?— 1287

A Dean and Chapter, and white sleeves.
And what would serve, if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time;
Morality, which both the Saints
And Wicked, too, cry out against?—

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true Saint allows

They shall be suffer'd to espouse;
For Saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;

As virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed;
But why the Wicked should do so,

We neither know, nor care to do.
What's liberty of conscience,
I th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to festore, with more security,
Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practise of the Jews;
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.
1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
(Tho' he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these;
That pass i' th' world for holiness.
1315

This said, the Furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own.
1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,
And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west,
To go to bed and take her rest;
When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
1325

¶ 1325, 1326.] Our Poet stands alone in this description of the morning's approach: none that I know of, besides himself, has painted it by the moon's declension: he scorned to follow the old beaten custom of describing it by the sun's rising, which he had done once before, Part II. Cant. ii. ¶ 29. but he here finds out a new way, and altogether just.

Point-blank in his rays to sit;

Lay still, expecting worse and more; 1336
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor;
 And tho' he shut his eyes as fast as he could,
 As if he 'ad been to sleep his last;
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizardry
 Do make the devil wear for vizards;
 And pricking up his ears, to hear
 If he could hear, too, in the dark;
 Was first invaded with a groan;
 And after, in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words: 'Unhappy wretch,
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch?
 Or all thy tricks, in this new trade;
 Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade?
 By sauntering still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur?
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs;
 For still thou 'ast had the worst o' t' yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat:
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind,
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd corps with sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
 As meant to him this reprimand,
 Because the character did hit
 Point-blank upon his case so fit;

Believ'd it was some drolling spright,
That staid upon the guard that night;
And one of those he 'ad seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt;
When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful Spirit, thus went on;

'This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears,
Pell-mell together by the ears,
And, after painful bangs and knocks,
To lie in limbo in the stocks;
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory;

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice;
That on my late disasters rallies)
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic-minded;
And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse;
Engag'd with sieges in stubborn wars,
And hot disputes with conjurers;
And, when thou 'adst bravely won the day,
Wast fain to steal thyself away.

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
Would fain steal me, too, from myself,
That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know? 1385
 What 'twas that I design'd to do?
 His office of intelligence,
 His oracles, are ceas'd long since;
 And he knows nothing of the Saints;
 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints.
 This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the second hand,
 And now would pass for Spirit Po,
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
 I think I need not fear him for't;
 These rallying devils do no hurt.
 With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
 And hastily cry'd out, What art?
 A wretch, (quoth he) whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.
 I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
 Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right;
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
 Thou art some paltry, black-guard spright,
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes;
 Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome.

To pinch the flatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their work to do.
This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robins,
And your diversion, dull dry bobbing,
T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
And wash 'em clean in ditches for't;
Of which conceit you are so proud,
At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud,
As now you would have done by me,
But that I barr'd your railery.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) ye're no such sophi-
As you would have the world judge of ye.
If you design to weigh our talents
I' th' standard of your own false balance,
Or think it possible to know
Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
We who have been the everlasting
Companions of your drubs and basting,
And never left you in contest,
With male or female, man or beast,
But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true
By th' idlest pug of all your crew;
For none could have betray'd us worse
Than those allies of ours and yours.
But I have sent him for a token
To your low-country Hogen-Mogen,

To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope:
 And if ye 'ave been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true
 What th' ill-affected say of you;
 Ye 'ave 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) 'tis true, I grant,
 We made, and took the Covenant;
 But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other per'ries do the laws,
 Which when they're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillo's for't:
 And that's the reason Cov'nanters
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence
 These scandals of the Saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects;
 Those spider-saints, that hang by threads,
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, (quoth the Voice) that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either,
 Or both the other put together:
 For all the Independents do,
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to;

You, who are not content alone
 With tricks to put the devil down,
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The Gospel-work you undertake;
 As if artillery and edge-tools,
 Were th' only engines to save souls:
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r
 By force to run down and devour;
 Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
 To stools, or poundage of repentance;
 Is ty'd up only to design
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
 In which you all his arts outdo,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil,
 Than mere temptations of the devil,
 Which all the horrid'st actions done
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon;
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd
 Acts most against his interest;
 Surprises none but those who have priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition;
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;

The tools of working out salvation
 By mere mechanic operation:
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues:
 But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprise,
 Altho' his falsest enemies;
 But is content to be their drudge,
 And on their errands glad to trudge:
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Trusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap up souls;
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
 T' your *mittimus in carceres*,
 And never bogle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairer justice,
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular powers,
 And pass their souls, as some demerit
 The same estate in mortgage twice;
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And, for a groat unpaid that's due,
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought, he, 'tis no mean part of civil
State-prudence to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When he 'as us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, (quoth he) that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours,
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members, and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves, or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory,
To leap down headlong many a story;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 'ave made that title good;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind
Of all Dissenters of mankind.
Right, (quoth the Voice) and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I'll free you out of this distress,
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.

The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone;
 And if I leave you here till day,
 You'll find it hard to get away. 1555
 With that the Spirit grop'd about
 To find th' enchanted hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up,
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham-carts, with legs for wheels;
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores, 1565
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge; 1570
 The Spirit hors'd him, like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle his back;
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall;
 Where finding out the postern lock'd,
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass; 1575

[1575.] Altered to the outer postern, edit. 1790.
 It is no time to tell you here,

Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders, 1580
And cautiously began to scout
To find their fellow-cattle out;
Nor was it half a minute's quest,
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585
But ne'er a saddle on his back,
Nor pistols at the saddle bow,
Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no time to stay,
And let the night, too, steal away; 1590
But, in a trice, advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the gate the rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain;
While Hudibras, with equal haste,
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600
And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck:
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
To hold forth their declining state, 1605
Which now come near an even rate,

HUDIBRAS.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO II.

The Argument.

The Saints engage in fierce contests,
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious prey;
According to their rates of Grace;
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in th' effigy of Rump, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house;

This Canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho: neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced, and a new vein of satire is exhibited. The Poet steps out of his road, and skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. This conduct is allowable in a satirist, whose privilege it is to ramble wherever he pleases, and to stigmatize vice, faction, and rebellion, where and whenever he meets with them: He is not tied down to the observance of unity of action, time, or place, though he has hitherto had a regard to such decorums: but now, and here only, he claims the privilege of a satirist, and deviates from order, time, and uniformity, and deserts his principal actors: he purposely sends them out of the way, that we may attend to a lively representation of the principles and politics of Presbyterians, Independents, and Republics.

From whose corrupted flesh that breed
 Of vermin did at first proceed.
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a various rout
 Of petulant capricious sects,
 The maggots of corrupted texts,
 That first run all religion down,
 And after ev'ry swarm its own :
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 That were incapable t' enjoy
 That empire any other way ;
 So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same ;
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard :
 For when they thriv'd they never sadg'd,
 But only by the ears engag'd ;

caps, upon the dawning of the Restoration. He sets before
 us a full view of the treachery and underminings of each
 faction ; and sure it is with pleasure we see the fears and
 commotions they were in upon the happy declensions of
 their tyrannical power and government. All these occur-
 rences are fully and faithfully related in this Canto, and
 the several facts are warranted by history.

Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
 And play together when they've none;
 As by their truest characters,
 Their constant actions, plainly appears.
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack;
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
 And Prov'dence to be out of season:
 For now there was no more to purchase
 O' th' King's revenue, and the Churches;
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on;
 Which forc'd the stubbornist for the Cause,
 To cross the cygels to the laws,
 That what by breaking them they had gain'd,
 By their support might be maintain'd;
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
 Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry;
 For Presbyter and Independent
 Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendent;
 Laid out their apostolic functions
 On carnal Orders and Injunctions;
 And all their precious Gifts and Graces
 On Outlawries and Scire facias;
 At Michael's term had many trial,
 Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of Ices,
 Into the bottomless abyss.

For when, like brethren, and like friends,
 They came to share their dividends,
 And ev'ry partner to possess
 His church and state joint-purchases;
 In which the ablest Saint, and best,
 Was nam'd in trust by all the best;
 To pay their money, and, instead
 Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed;
 He straight converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,
 And settled all the other shares,
 Upon his outward man and his heirs;
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of Providence;
 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their sp'ritual attainments
 Degraded from the right of Saints.
 This b'ing reveall'd, they now begun
 With law and conscience to fall on,
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' Utter, baggister of Swanwick;
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old,
 That brought the lawy'rs in more fess
 Than all unsanctify'd Trustees;

Till he who had no more to show,
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow;
 Or, both sides having had the worst,
 They parted as they met at first. 85
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
 Seclud'd, and cashier'd, and chous'd!
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate
 From all affairs of Church and State, 90
 Reform'd t' a reformato Saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up teach down,
 And make those uses serve agen 95
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier,
 Damn Anabaptist, and Fanatic,
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic; 100
 And, with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation,
 The Good old Cause, which some believe
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105
 The world to mischief with New Light,
 Had store of money in her purse,
 When he took her for better or worse,
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,
 And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The Independents (whose first station
 Was in the rear of Reformation,
 A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
 And in the saddle of one steed
 The Saracen and Christian rid;
 Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)

ψ. 118.] The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon in print, entitled *Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's in Lincoln's Inn-fields upon Rom. xiii. 1.* In which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren, and sisters, it is true, this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin.

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, whether, by the *higher powers*, are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned; for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number, *higher powers*? Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, "Let every soul be subject to the *higher power*," if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one; he bids us "be subject to the *higher powers*," that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army." *ib.* p. 3.

When in the *Humble Petition* there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly; "Because," he (he said) was, one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done, and therefore desired they would explain their article." *Heath's Chronicle*, p. 408.

ib.] Sir Roger L'Estrange observes, (*Reflection upon Pope's Tale of the Husband, Wife, and Chastity Father*, part I. fab. 257.) upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they did not set one step, in the whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and; going up to inquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days;

No sooner got the start, to lurch
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120
 And Providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of them down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as they 'ad before.
 For now there was no foe in arms
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,
 Who 'ad compass'd all th' pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State, 135
 And all things but their laws and hate;
 But when they came to treat and transact,
 And share the spoil of all they 'ad ransackt,

"which was no other than to make God the author of sin,
 "and to impute the blackest practices of hell to the inspi-
 "ration of the Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext, of seeking the Lord in prayer,
 that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the Regi-
 cides, cajol'd General Fairfax, who was determin'd to
 rescue the King from execution, giving orders to have it
 speedily done: and, when they had notice that it was over,
 they persuad'd the General that this was a full return of
 prayer; and, God having so manifested his pleasure, they
 ought to acquiesce in it. (*Perenchius's Life of King*
Charles I.)

To botch up what they 'ad torn and rent,
 Religion and the Government,
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;
 Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish;
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin,
 As Dutch boors are t' a footerkin,
 Both parties join'd to do their best,
 To damn the public interest;
 And herded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts;
 T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers,
 At all their dialects of jabb'ers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.
 For as two cheats, that play one game,
 Are both defeated of their aim;
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Altho' there's nothing lost nor won,
 The public bus'ness is undone,
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
 Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 Y. 163. J. What a lasting monument of fame has our Post
 raised to the Royalists! What merited praises does he be-
 stow on their unshaken faith and loyalty! How happily does

And own'd the right they had paid down 153
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown) 154
 Th' united constanter, and sided 155
 The more, the more their foes divided 156
 For tho' out-number'd, overthrown, 157
 And by the fate of war run down, 158
 Their duty never was defeated, 159
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated; 160
 For loyalty is still the same, 161
 Whether it win or lose the game; 162
 True as the dial to the sun, 163
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon. 164
 But when these Brethren in cell, 165
 Their adversaries, and the devil, 166
 Began once more to shew them play, 167
 And hopes, at least, to have a day, 168
 They rally'd in parades of woods, 169
 And unfrequented solitudes, 170
 Conven'd at midnight in outhouses, 171
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvous, 172
 And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd, 173
 For new recruits of danger watch'd, 174
 No sooner was one blow diverted, 175
 But up another party started, 176
 This when the Royalists perceiv'd, 177
 He applaud their constancy and 178
 be a compensation to those of that party, who met with 179
 unwarmly disengaged and 180
 must be this never-dying eulogy, rather than 181
 that unfortunate number. 182

And as if Nature, too, in haste
 To furnish out supplies as fast,
 Before her time had turn'd destruction
 T' a new and numerous production;
 No sooner those were overcome,
 But up rose others in their room,
 That, like the Christian faith, increas'd
 The more, the more they were suppress'd;
 Whom neither chains, nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd experiments,
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
 To leave off loyalty and danging,

[*ψ. 201, 202.*] The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are several remarkable instances upon record; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5; of Capt. Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles; *Vive le Roy*; of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it; and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block, and was beheaded; of the brave Sir Robert Spotswood; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called *seditionous* books and pamphlets. Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence, who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation; nor the common soldier mentioned in the *Oxford Diurnal*, first Week, p. 6. See more in the story of the *Impertinent Sheriff*, *L'Estrange's Fables*, part II. fabr. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown;
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture, like claims in laws;
 And prov'd no prosperous usurpation
 Can ever settle on the nation;
 Until, in spite of force and treason,
 They put their loyalty in possession;
 And, by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.
 Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
 Did Oliver give up his reign,

"would have canonized for martyrs; and erected statues
 "after their death, to the memory of some of our com-
 "patriots, whom ye have barbarously disfigured and mangled,"
 "yet alive, for no other motive than their undaunted zeal."
 (p. 215, 216.) At Oliver's death was a most furious tem-
 pest, such as had not been known in the memory of man,
 or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is
 observed, in a tract entitled, *No Evil to the old Fool*,
 J. Edwards's *Apology*, p. 98: "That Oliver, after a long
 "course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine,
 " &c., finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and
 "without any mark of true repentance." Though most of
 our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few
 take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day
 the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcass, with
 other regicides. The author of the *Revels between the*
Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in
Heb., 1660, p. 19, merrily observes, "That he was even so
 "turbulent and seditious there, that he was chained, by
 "way of punishment, in the general pissing place, next the
 "court-door, with a strict charge that no body that made
 "water thereabouts should piss any where but against his
 "body."

And was believ'd, as well by Saints
As mortal men and miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian ferry,
Until he was retriev'd by Sterry,
Who, in a false erroneous dream,
Mistook the New Jerusalem
Profanely for th' apocryphal
False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious reliques to translate:
So Romulus was seen before
B' as orthodox a senator,

V. 220.] The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled; "For (said he) this is good news, because, if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr. South makes mention of an Independent divine, (*Sermons*, vol. I. *Serm.* iii. p. 101.) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time; but Oliver's death being published two days after, the said divine publicly, in his prayers, expostulated with God the defeat of his prophecy in these words, "Thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Richard observes of one of them, "That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

V. 224.] After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is an house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of *Heaven*.

From whose divine illumination
He stole the Pagan revelation. 230

Next him his son and heir apparent
Succeeded, tho' a lame vicegerent,
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only crutch on which he leant,
And then sunk underneath the state, 233
That rode him above horseman's weight.

[Y. 231, 232.] Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen; and addressees were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognized him Lord Protector; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him, we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit *incog.* to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English; and, after a few words, (not knowing who he was) the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well, said the Prince, Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that concomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a fool?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was that very fool and concomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. III. p. 519.

And now the Saints began their reign,
 For which they 'ad yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,
 To see an empire, all of kings,
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government, and law,
 And free t' erect what sp'ritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
 To edify upon the ruins
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
 Who for a weather-cock hung up
 Upon their mother-church's top,
 Was made a type by Providence,
 Of all their revelations since,
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures:

ψ. 237. A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

ψ. 241, 242.] Dr. James Young observes, "That two Jewish critical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel-ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold that the law should be pulled down to the ground, — the Great Charter, and all our liberties, destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times; that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them."

For when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle;
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255
 From fadging, than th' unsanctify'd,
 While ev'ry individual Brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest, and most crack't,
 Were found the busiest to transact; 260
 For tho' most hands dispatch apace
 And make light work (the proverb says)
 Yet many diff'rent intellects
 Are found t' have contrary effects;
 And many heads t' obstruct intregues, 265
 As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king,
 But all the rest for no such thing,
 Unless King Jesus: others tampert
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert; 270

Y. 267, 268.] Harry Martyn, in his speech, in the debate
Whether a King, or no King, said, "That if they must
 " have a King, they had rather have had the last than any
 " gentleman in England. He found no fault in his person,
 " but office."

Y. 269.] Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy-men, who had
 formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

Y. 269, 270. *Others tampert—For Fleetwood, Desborough,
 and Lambert.*] Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general, he mar-
 ried Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter;
 was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, Major-
 general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house:
 his salary supposed to be 6600 l. a year.—Desborough, a yeo-
 man of 60 or 70 l. *per annum*; some say a plowman. Ben-
 net, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship
 " was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord

Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the Safety;

"raiseth some men, and depresseth others."—Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship; upon which he was made one of his council, a General at sea, and Major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was 3236 l. 13 s. 4 d.

[b. Lambert.] Lambard, in the first edit. 1678. Altered 1684. He was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the *Narrative of the late Parliament so called*, 1657, p. 9. observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had 1000 l. per annum, which, with his other places, in all amounted to 6512 l. 3 s. 4 d.

ψ. 272. Agitators.] In 1647, the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the *General Council of Officers*; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of *Agitators*, and were to be a House of Commons to the council of officers: these drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience.—Some of the positions of the Agitators here follow: "That all inns of Court and Chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snares, and grievances, to a free-born people, and inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among freemen, and opposite to the communion of saints.

"That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, cities, corporations, ministers' glebe-lands, and so much of the lands of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as exceeds the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and all the revenues of the Crown belonging to the King, or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers, and the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their good services.

[b. Safety.] Committee of Safety, a set of men who took

Some for the Gospel, and massacres
 Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human regence 275.
 Oaths of suprem'cy and allegiance;
 Yea, tho' the ablest swearing Saint,
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant:
 Others for pulling down th' high-places
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280.
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods:
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And th' extirpation of th' Excise;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285.
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves;
 And some for finding out expedients
 Against the slav'ry of Obedience: 290.
 Some were for Gospel-ministers
 And some for Redcoat seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword:
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295.
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk;

upon them the government, upon displacing the Rump
 a second time: their number amounted to twenty-three,
 which, though filled up with men of all parties, (Royalists
 excepted) yet was so craftily composed, that the balance
 was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

Some for engaging to suppress
 The camifado of Surplices,
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward; 300
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of Popery than Gospel-light:
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
 Is marry'd only to a thumb,
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig)
 The bride to nothing but her will,
 That nulls the after-marriage still: 310
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of Linsey-woolsey in the nation;
 And some against all idolising
 The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising:
 Others, to make all things recant 315
 The Christian or surname of Saint,
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce:
 Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
 And bringing down the price of Coals: 320

y. 308. *That us'd to.*] *That is to,* edit. 1678. *That uses to,*
 edit. 1684, 1689, 1694, 1700, 1704. Altered 1710, as it stands
 here.

y. 317, 318.] The mayor of Colchester banished one of
 that town for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643,
 whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for
 this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them roots and branches,
 While others were for eating Haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then,
 The Flesh of kings and mighty men;

¶ 323.] This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel, and her children, and the Lady Norwich, might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man midwife." Nay, it was debated at a council of war, to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes. Their endeavours was how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark lanthorns were provided last winter, 1645, which coming to the common rumour of the Town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them; so this was laid aside. A bill was brought in, 1645, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a *Thanksgiving Sermon* before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46, says, "If Christ will set up his kingdom upon the carcases of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks, Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathie, minister of Denham in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words; "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let their blood be sacrificed to thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

And some for breaking of their Bones
 With rods of iron, by secret ones;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells,
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells;
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the Wicked fore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who fate
 At th' unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion
 Of fatal madness and delusion,
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law;
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all they had scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake,
 Nor what to give, but what to take;
 To feel the purses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries;
 Prolong the shaft of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover gain.

'Mong these there was a politician
 With more heads than a beast in vision;
 [V. 351.] This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who com-
 plied with every change in those times.

And more intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the Whores of Babylon;
 So politic, as if one eye
 Upon the other were a spy,
 That, to trepan the one to think
 The other blind, both strove to blink;
 And in his dark pragmatic way
 As busy as a child at play.
 He 'ad seen three governments run down,
 And had a hand in ev'ry one;
 Was for 'em, and against 'em all,
 But barb'rous when they came to fall:
 For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
 He made his int'rest with the new one;
 Play'd true and faithful, tho' against
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion
 Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,
 By giving aim from side to side,
 He never fail'd to save his tide,
 But got the start of ev'ry state,
 And, at a change, ne'er came too late;
 Con'd turn his word, and oath, and faith,
 As many ways as in a lath;
 By turning wriggle, like a screw,
 Int' highest trust, and out, for new;
 For when he 'ad happily incurr'd,
 Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd,

And pass'd upon a government,
 He play'd his trick, and out he went;
 But being out, and out of hopes
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
 Would strive to raise himself upon
 The public ruin, and his own;
 So little did he understand
 The desp'rate seats he took in hand,
 For when he 'ad got himself a name,
 For frauds and tricks he spoil'd his game;
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To shew his play at fast and loose;
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit,
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under ground;
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd,
 By vermin impotent and blind.
 By all these arts, and many more
 He 'ad practis'd long and much before,
 Our state-artificer foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw:
 For as old sinners have all points
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,

And, better than by Napier's bones;
 Feel in their own the age of moons;
 So guilty sinners, in a state,
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a show'r of rain:
 He, therefore, wisely cast about
 All ways he could, t' insure his throat,
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took,
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest.
 To match this Saint there was another,
 As busy and perverse a Brother,

[v. 420.] Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558: he, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off, told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a-fishing to the mill, and, if they inquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came according to expectation, and inquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller. Upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out, "I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, "That he would take him at his word: if, (says he,) thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel;—and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him!" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

[v. 421.] This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would

An haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state-affairs;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achithophel;
 And better gifted to rebel;
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The Cause, aloft upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 But try'd another, and went further;
 So suddenly addicted still
 To 's only principle, his will,
 That, whatfoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 Nor force of argument could move,
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'bourn,
 Cou'd render half a grain less stubborn;
 For he at any time would hang,
 For th' opportunity t' harangue;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle;
 In which his parts were so accomplisht,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust;
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease;

"quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part
 of his character gave occasion for the following lines at
 his death;

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
 Let them not both in one grave buried be:
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
 For if they both should meet they would fall out.

And, with its everlasting clack, 443
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picquer,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engag'd in controversy;
 Not by the force of carnal reason, 450
 But indefatigable teasing;
 With volleys of eternal babble,
 And clamour, more unanswerable,
 For tho' his topics, frail and weak, 455
 Cou'd ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults,
 And back'd their feeble want of sense 460
 With greater heat and confidence;
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they're cudgell'd grow the stiffer.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated;
 For nothing but his interest 465
 Could lay his devil of contest;
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body, worshipp'd it: 470
 But when he found the sullen trapes
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,

The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks, had not so true
 Not half so full of jadish tricks, nor so much more
 Tho' squeamish in her outward woman, as the old
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common, 475
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinate;
 And still the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer: 480
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy:
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met, 485
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490
 Than with his own impatience
 To give himself first audience,

[v. 485. 486.] This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London. I heartily wish the Poet had introduced the worthy Sir Hudibras into this grand assembly: his presence would have continued an uniformity in this Poem, and been very pleasing to the spectator. His natural propensity to loquacity would certainly have exerted itself on so important an occasion; and his rhetoric and jargon would not have been less politic or entertaining than that of the two orators here characterised.

After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt 493
Our last Outgoings brought about,
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead;
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns;
And, since our Workings-out are crost, 505
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the Brethren
Took oaths to run before all others,
But, in their own sense, only swore 510
To strive to run away before,
And now would prove, that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch, 515
Between a right and mongrel-church;
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient,—(I mean Marg'ret's fast) 520

When Providence had been suborn'd,
 What answer was to be return'd:
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone thro',
 And understand as well to tame
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame;
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child;
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us;
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition;
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion
 Became strong motives to devotion;
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges,
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee:
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws,
 Submit t' old iron, and the Cause.

[ψ. 521.] Alluding to the impudence of those pretended
 saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers
 he should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was
 called the God-challenger,

And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
So might we better now again,
If we knew how, as then we did,
To use them rightly in our need : 550
Tumults, by which the mutinous
Betray themselves instead of us ;
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
And close malignant are detected ;
Who lay their lives and fortunes down,
For pledges to secure our own ;
And freely sacrifice their ears
T' appease our jealousies and fears :
And yet for all these providences
W' are offer'd, if we have our senses,
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
Our hands committed to our pockets,
And nothing but our tongues at large,
To get the wretches a discharge :
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts,
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;
Or fools besotted with their crimes,
That know not how to shift betimes,
That neither have the hearts to stay,
Nor wit enough to run away ;
Who, if we could resolve on either,
Might stand or fall at least together ;
No mean nor trivial solaces

To partners in extreme distress,

Who use to lessen their despairs, 575
 By parting them int' equal shares;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among. 580
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course,
 Have time to rally, and prepare 585
 Our last and best defence, despair:
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits;
 And horrid'st dangers safely way'd;
 By being courageously outbrav'd; 590
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, men;
 And not so dully desperate, 595
 To side against ourselves with Fate:
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
 And setting up exams of Saints, 600

ψ. 600. And setting up exams of Saints.] This is false printed; it should be written exemts, or exemptis, which is a French word, pronounced exams.

That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficacy :
 For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks for independent,
 To hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 605
 Or St. Ignatius, at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state :
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
 And since obedience is better
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice, 610
 Presume the less on't will suffice ;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false,
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals ; 615
 But left at large to make their bestion,
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or quest'on :
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells ; 620
 And bid themselves turn back agen
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 625
 Their tones, and sanctify'd expressions ;
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
 Like charity, on those that want ;

And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes,
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders:
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,
 But from our Calamies and Cafes?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield;
 And, had they not begun the war,
 They 'ad ne'er been fainted as they are:
 For Saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate;
 Their zeal corrupts, like standing water,
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege:

ψ. 636.] Calamy and Cafe were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were among the Independents.

ψ. 640. *Adoniram Byfield.*] He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines; and, no doubt, for his great zeal and pains-taking in his office, he had the profit of printing the *Directory*, the copy whereof was sold for 400 l. though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

ψ. 648.] It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

And tho' they 'ave tricks to cast their fins,
 As easy' as serpents do their skins;
 That in a while grow out agen;
 In peace they turn mere carnal men;
 And, from the most refin'd of Saints,
 As nat'rally grow miscreants
 As barnacles turn soland geese
 In th' islands of the Orcades:
 Their Dispensation's but a ticket
 For their conforming to the Wicked,
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words and shew, than sense:
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well;
 And if the world has any troth,
 Some have been canoniz'd in both;
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the overheated sots
 In fever still, like other goats;
 For tho' the Whore bends hereticks
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our Schismatics so vally differ,
 Th' hotter they 're they grow the siffer;
 Still setting off their sp'ritual goods
 With fierce and pertinacious fends:

For Zeal's a dreadful tormagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profess
The doctrine of Dependences; 680
Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
To Rawheads fierce, and Bloodybones;
And, not content with endless quarrels
Against the Wicked, and their morals,
The Gibellines, for want of Guefs, 683
Divert their rage upon themselves.
For, now the war is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
Of one another's Brotherhood, 690
Where neither side can lay pretence
To liberty of conscience,
Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause;
For, tho' endur'd with resolution, 695
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution;
Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of Brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men? 700
When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon;

When savage bears agree with bears, 705
Shall Secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both?
Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710
And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take?
But tho' no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes 715
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while,
At least until they 'ad a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage, 720
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies?
This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their Workings-out,
And know 'em, both in soul and conscience, 725
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
As sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore.
We whom at first they set up under
In revelation only of plunder, 730
Who since have had so many trials
Of their inroaching self-denials,

That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform, and undermine;
 Took all our interests and commands 735
 Perfid'ously, out of our hands;
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger Sons of Father Belial: 740
 And yet for all th' inhuman wrong,
 They 'ad done us, and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun;
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd;
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,
 To find us pill'ries and carts'-tails, 750
 Or hangman's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at;
 That cut, like tallies to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accompts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 755
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for b'ing true;
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
 Held for the Cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held. 760

And tho' we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same;
 And till they first began to cant,
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy,
 Altho' 'twas ours, and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmion:
 And yet for all this Gospel-union,
 And outward shew of Church-communion,
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares,
 Of ruling church or state affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance,
 But shar'd our dividend o' the Crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down,
 And forc'd us, tho' against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again;
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before;
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way,
 We 'ad been ungrateful not to pay;
 Who, for the right we 'ave done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation,

And put our vessels in a way,
Once more, to come again in play: 790
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this providence about,
And that our only suffering
Is able to bring in the King,
What would our actions not have done, 795
Had we been suffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a share,
At least, in carrying on th' affair:
But whether that be so or not,
We 'ave done enough to have it thought, 800
And that's as good as if we 'ad done't,
And easier pass'd upon account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as justify'd.
The world is nat'rally averse 805
To all the truth it sees or hears,
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
With greediness and gluttony;
And tho' it have the pique, and long,
'Tis still for something in the wrong; 810
As women long, when they're with child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
But seldom any thing that's wholesome;
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,

And what they 're confidently told,
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence,
For as relapses make diseases

More desp'rate than their first access,
If we but get again in power,
Our work is easier than before,

And we more ready and expert

I' th' mystery, to do our part

We, who did rather undertake

The first war to create than make;

And, when of nothing 'twas begun,

Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on;

Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,

With plots and projects of our own;

And if we did such feats at first,

What can we, now we 're better vers'd?

Who have a freer latitude,

Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;

And therefore likeliest to bring in,

On fairest terms, our Discipline;

To which it was reveal'd long since

We were ordain'd by Providence,

When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,

The Cause's primitive confessors,

[v. 841.] Burton, Pryn, and Hallwick, three notorious
ingleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late
barbarous Rebellion,

B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiply'd by Six, express
 The perfect number of the Beast;
 And prov'd that we must be the men
 To bring this Work about again;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough Reformation:
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone?
 What Churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?
 Possess'd with absolute dominions
 O'er Brethren's purges and opinions?
 And trusted with the double keys
 Of heav'n, and their warehouses;
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please,
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
 To be dispos'd at their commands;
 And daily' increase and multiply,
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury:
 Can fetch in parties (as, in war,
 All other heads of cattle are)
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,
 And share them, from blue ribbands, down
 To all blue aprons in the Town:

From ladies hurried in calleches,
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All guts and belly, like a crab.
 Our party's great, and better ry'd 875
 With oaths, and trade, than any side;
 Has one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the Cov'nant;
 I mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 880
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions;
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885
 When new Outgoings give occasion;
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
 And, when they 'ave pack'd a Parl'ament,
 Will once more try th' expedient: 890
 Who can already muster friends
 To serve for members to our ends,
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's-folly congregation;
 Are only tools to our intregues, 895
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,

And order matters under hand;
To put all bus'ness to a stand;
Lay public bills aside, for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary;
And make the nation represent,
And serve for us in Parliament;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none,
Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental;
Can set up grandee against grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges;
And, rather than compound the quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope;
Who, tho' we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim;

[y. 909.] Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which began the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or rag-end of a House, and was turned out by Oliver Cromwell; restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves as General Monk's command: and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the Bulls of Lenthal, in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of *A Tale of a Tub*.

Can introduce our ancient arts,
 For heads of factions, t' act their parts;
 Know what a leading voice is worth,
 A seconding, a third, or fourth;
 How much a casting voice comes to, 923
 That turns up trump of *Aye*, or *No*;
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,
 Share every one his dividend.
 An art that so much study cost,
 And now's in danger to be lost, 930
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,
 That found it out, get in to th' Houses.
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook,
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
 Until they turn'd us out of door.
 Besides, the herds of Boutefeus
 We set on work without the House,
 When ev'ry knight and citizen
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940
 To bring them in intelligence,
 From all points of the rabble's sense,
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses
 With politic important buzzes;

V. 934.] Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges
 who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-
 money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which oc-
 casioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by *Hook*,
 but not by *Crook*.

Set up committees of cabals, 945
To pack designs without the walls;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use;
Agree upon the plot o' the farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse; 950
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What th' other party's like to say;
What repartees, and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections;
And who shall break the master-jest, 955
And what, and how, upon the rest:
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter, to a country friend; 960
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit,
With falser than a padder's face,
That all its owner does betrays,
Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965
He's in his calling to be seen;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations: 970
For charlatans can do no good,
Until they're mounted in a crowd;

And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt
 Is but to fare the better for't;
 As long as confessors are sure 973
 Of double pay for all th' endure,
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution;
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
 In pow'd'ring-tubs their richest trade; 980
 And, while they keep their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least regret
 For all the Christian blood we 'ave let;
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 983
 Our title to do so again;
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,
 But pertinacious impudence.
 Our constancy t' our principles,
 In time, will wear out all things else; 990
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses;
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths;
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 993
 Before from world to world they swung;

[Ψ. 995, 996.] Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides,
 "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully re-
 "koned themselves in the high road thither, that they ne-
 "ver so much as thought that their Saintships should take
 "Tyburn in the way."

As they had turn'd from side to side,
And as the changelings liv'd they dy'd.
This said, th' impatient Statesmonger
Could now contain himself no longer,
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics.
With smarting remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces,
After he had administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundanis to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbenaal,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he spoke:

In dressing a calf's head, altho'
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his gambols
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the King
And keeping of him out one thing?
Which none could do, but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore;
That to defend was to invade,
And to assassinate to aid:

ψ. 1004. *Grimaces.*] Edit. 1674. Altered 1684.

ψ. 1007. *Inside of his skull.*] In the first edition of 1678,
Altered to *skull*, 1684; four years after Mr. Butler's death,

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Q

Unless, because you drove him out,
 (And that was never made a doubt)
 No pow'r is able to restore
 And bring him in, but on your score: 1035
 A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses.
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made; 1030
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore
 And heal the hurts they gave before:
 But whether Presbyterians have
 So much good nature as the salve,
 Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
 Those who have try'd them can determin.
 Indeed 'tis pity you should miss
 Th' arrears of all your services,
 And, for th' eternal obligation
 Y' laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just reward
 For letting rapine loose, and murder,
 To rage just so far, but no further,
 And setting all the land on fire, 1045
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;
 For vent'ring to assassinate
 And cut the throats of Church and State,
 And not be allow'd the fittest men
 To take the charge of both agen: 1050

Especially that have the grace
 Of self-denying gifted face;
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
 On those you painfully trepann'd,
 And sprinkled in at second hand;
 As we have been, to share the guilt
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt;
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
 To damn ourselves, to avoid being damn'd;
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
 And win your necks upon the set,
 As well as ours, who did but bet;
 (For he had drawn your ears before,
 And nick'd them on the self-same score)
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,
 And brought you down to rook and lie,
 And fancy only on the bye;
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty poles,
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up, like alligators;
 For which ingeniously ye 'ave shew'd
 Your Presbyterian gratitude;

y. 1065.] Alluding to the case of Mr. Dryn, who had his
 ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind,
 Those were your motives to divide,
 And scruple, on the other side;
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse;
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again;
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes,
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;
 And therefore all your Lights and Culls
 Are but apocryphal and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all your native insulences;
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels;
 Corrupted the Old Testament;
 To serve the New for precedent;
 T' amend its errors and defects,
 With murder and rebellion-texts;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon;

v. 1086. *Than maggots are convinc'd to flies.*] Thus it stands in all editions to 1710, exclusive, and then altered, *Than maggots when they turn to flies.*

v. 1093.] This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment; who printed it: *Thou shalt commit adultery*, and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commission Court.

And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use; as gain'd
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 To mix them in the Alcoran;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones,
 And gifted mortifying groans;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind;
 As pigs are said to see the wind;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightbridge with illumination;
 Made children, with your tones, to run for't,
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.

ψ. 1112. *Or Lunsford.*] It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war to raise false alarms; and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular, they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him; Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to Malignants marry'd;
 Transform'd all wives to Dabblers,
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle;
 Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz;
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures;
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
 Inchant the King's and Church's lands,
 T' obey and follow your commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marelly-hill had done of old;
 Could turn the Cov'nant, and translate
 The Gospel into spoons and plate;
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricateſt places;
 Could catechise a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox;
 Until the Cause became a Daemon,
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon:
 And yet, in spite of all your charms
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rozt,
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out,

Y' have been redde'd, and by those fools, And
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
 Who, tho' but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit
 By whom you 'ave been so oft trepan'd,
 And held forth out of all command;
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at Carrying-on;
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd;
 Ejected out of Church and State,
 And all things but the people's hate;
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces
 Like better bowlers, in your places;
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution;
 And tho' most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your will, still acquiesc'd;
 And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuffed Treason, nor Misprision:
 That is, because you never durst
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas! you were no longer able
 To raise your posse of the rabble;
 One single redcoat sentinel
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,

And, with his Squirt-fire, could disperse *qu* 1170
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your powers,
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of Outgoings,
 Or to your ord'ring Providence,
 One farthing's-worth of consequence. 1175

For had you power to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man,
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means;
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out,
 Brave undertakers to restore,
 That could not keep yourselves in power;
 T' advance the interests of the Crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true you have (for I'd be loath
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both;
 To keep him out, and bring him in,
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense
 And sanctify'd impertinence,
 Your carrying business in a huddle,
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,

Oblig'd the State to tack about,
 And turn you, root and branch, all out;
 To reformato, one and all,
 T' your great Croysado General
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
 Before 'twas in your clutches, paw'r;
 That sprung the game you were to set,
 Before ye 'ad time to draw the net,
 Your spite to set the Church's lands
 Divided into other hands,
 And all your sacrilegious ventures
 Laid out in tickets and debentures,
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,
 By under churches in the Town;
 And no courts us'd to stop their mouths,
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths:
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true
 None bring him in so much as you,
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots,
 Their midnight jantos, and seal'd knots;
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,
 Than all their own rash politics.
 And this way you may claim a share
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair,
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns looke
 And flies and mange, that set them free
 From taskmasters and slavery;

Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit :
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation?
 That is, the King's and Church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230
 For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ;
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone ?
 As by a world of hints appears,
 All plain, and extant, as your ears. 1235

But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you shou'd deny't,
 Where Henderson, and th' other Masses,
 Were sent to cap, texts, and put cases : 1240

ψ. 1239. Where Henderson.] When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose : the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published ; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together) and made him so far a convert, that he departed, with great sorrow, to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor ; and not only lamented to his friends and confidants,

To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Altho' but paltry Ob and Sollers:
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a coursing in the schools;

on his deathbed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them; that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that I ever spoke with, as far beyond my expression as expectation.—I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

ψ. 1242. *Ob and Sollers.*] Whoever considers the context, will find that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow disputants, who are called *Masses*, (as *Mas* is an abridgement of *Master*) that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars; particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems, (of the Dutch and Geneva cut) where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen *Ob* and *Sol.* Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called *Ob* and *Sollers*.

Until they 'ad prov'd the devil author
 O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter: 1245
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250
 But only those who first begun
 The quarrel were by him set on;
 And who could those be but the Saints,
 Those Reformation termagants?
 But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
 Spent so much time it grew too late;
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 T' inclose him with his warriors round;
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness left
 Of nonsense in't, or sottishness;

W. 1250. *Pride.*] Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members, in order to the King's trial; which great change was called Colonel Pride's *Purge*. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride, in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him *Sir Pride*, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted, for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick instead of a sword.

lb. *Hughson.*] He was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobbler the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

When from a scoundrel holder-forth,
 The scum, as well as son o' th' earth,
 Your mighty senators took law,
 At his command were fore'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies,
 Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,

Y. 1263.] This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

Y. 1269, 1270.] The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free-quarter, 1,462,769*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.* William Lilly, the *Sidrophel* of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birrh-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, used the following words: "Thou hast, O Lord, of late, written bitter things against thy children, and forsaken thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation, (the Scots, I mean) but, good Lord, thou knowest that they are a false, perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled *Lex Talionis*, 'tis proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You basely left them, and the Church
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before, as true Philistines.
 This shews what utensils y' have been,
 To bring the King's concerns in;
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you;
 And if he take you into trust,
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay
 With double int'rest, and betray. 1280

Not that I think those pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art,
 Than those who dully act one part; 1290
 Or those who turn from side to side,
 More guilty than the wind and tide,
 All countries are a wise man's home,
 And so are governments to some,
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues;
 While others in old faiths and troths
 Look odd, as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
 And nastier in an old opinion,
 Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For True and Faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And, whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so we may, if we 'ave but sense
To use the necessary means,
And not your usual stratagems
On one another, lights, and dreams:
To stand on terms as positive,
As if we did not take, but give;
Set up the Covenant on crutches,
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
And dream of pulling churches down,
Before we 're sure to prop our own;
Your constant method of proceeding,
Without the carnal means of heeding,
Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
Are worse, than if y' had none, accounted.

I grant all curses are in vain,
Unless we can get in again;
The only way that's left us now;
But all the difficulty's how.
'Tis true we 'ave money, th' only pow'r
That all mankind falls down before;

Money, that, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things; 1330
 And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way,
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well;
 Whose half-stary'd pride, and avarice, 1335
 One church and state will not suffice,
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.
 Nor is our money less our own
 Than 'twas before we laid it down; 1340
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon't;
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What pow'r can hinder us to win?
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
 In peace and war, and something more,
 And by th' unfortunate events
 Can mend our next experiments;
 For when we're taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest chouse, 1350
 Who see but th' outsid'es of our seats,
 And not their secret springs and weights,
 And, while they're busy at their ease,
 Can carry what designs we please;
 How easy is't to serve for agents, 1355
 To prosecute our old engagements!

To keep the good old Cause on foot,
 And prevent power from taking root;
 In flame them both with false alarms
 Of plots and parties taking arms; 1360
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side;
 Profess the passionat' st concerns,
 For both their interests by turns,
 The only way t' improve our own; 1365
 By dealing faithfully with none;
 (As bowls run true, by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd)
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together; 1370
 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence;
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour, confident and hearty;
 To reconcile our late Dissenters, 1375
 Our Brethren, tho' by other venters;
 Unite them, and their different maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,
 And make them join again as close,
 As when they first began t' espouse; 1380

ψ. 1362. For *healing up.*] In all editions to 1704, exclusive.
 ψ. 1368. Of *purpose false.*] In all editions to 1704, exclusive.

Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State;
 To join in marriage and commerce;
 And only' among themselves converse;
 And all that are not of their mind;
 Make enemies to all mankind;
 Take all religions in, and stickle
 From Conclave down to Conventicle;
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 According to the Light in being;
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience;
 And spiritual misrule in one sense;
 But in another quite contrary,
 As Dispensations chance to vary;
 And stand for, as the times will bear it;
 All contradictions of the Spirit;
 Protect their emissaries, impower'd
 To preach Sedition and the Word;
 And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'ers for the Cause;
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe
 From breaking, or maintaining law;
 And when they have their fits too soon,
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season,
 For sowing faction in and treason;

And keep them hooded, and their Churches;
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches;
 That when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome;
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own Fifth monarchy once more;
 Mean while be better arm'd to fence
 Against revolts of Providence;
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen;
 For if success could make us Saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants;
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,
 And not to stand on terms and freaks;
 Before we have secur'd our necks.

But do our work as out of sight;
 As stars by day, and suns by night;

[v. 1410, 1420.] The author of the *Fourth Part of the History of Independency*, p. 56, compares the governors of these times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prospere*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where (says he, *Eben Ezer*, p. 13. "L'Estrange's *Dissenter's Sayings*, part II. p. 491) is the "God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead, in a time "of trouble? The God came from Naseby, and the holy "One from the West. *Selah*."

All licence of the people own;
 In opposition to the Crown;
 And for the Crown as fiercely
 The head and body to divide:
 The end of all we first design'd;
 And all that yet remains behind,
 Be sure to spare no public rapine;
 On all emergencies that happen;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority, as men in want;
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade;
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver;
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd;
 The other, by as sly, retail'd
 For gain has wonderful effects;
 To improve the factory of sects;
 The rule of faith in all professions;
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians;
 Whence turning of religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade;
 And tho' some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a course,
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce:
 For all religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather;

To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a Church, as zeal; 1460
 As persecution, or promotion,
 Do equally advance devotion.

Let business, like ill watches, go
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow;
 For things in order are put out 1465
 So easy, ease itself will do't:
 But when the feat's design'd and meant,
 What miracle can bar th' event?
 For 'tis more easy to betray,
 Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start,
 The weightiest matters to divert;
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, intangle,
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
 But in affairs of less import, 1475
 That neither do us good nor hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply,
 And seem as scrupulously just,
 To bait our hooks for greater trust. 1480
 But still be careful to cry down
 All public actions, tho' our own;
 The least miscarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the State:

Express the horrid'st detestation, 1483
 And pity the distracted nation;
 Tell stories scandalous and false,
 T' th' proper language of cubals,
 Where all a subtle statesman says,
 Is half in words, and half in face; 1496
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues
 Of heads and shoulders, nose and shins)
 Intrust it under solemn vows
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1497
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—When a shout,
 Heard at a distance, put him out,
 And strait another, all agast,
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,
 And, for a while, as out of breath,
 Till having gather'd up his wits,
 He thus began his tale by fits:

[y. 1504.] We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally, and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded; and let the reader make an experiment, and stoppen his breath, if, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

That beastly rabble—that came down oned 1505
 From all the garrets—in the Town,
 And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms;
 With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
 To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
 And bawl the Bishops—out of door, 1510
 Are new drawn up—in greater shoals,
 To roast—and broil us on the coals;
 And all the Grandees—of our members
 Are carbonading—on the embers;
 Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
 That serve for characters—and badges
 To represent their personages;
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520
 And ev'ry representative
 Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive;

And 'tis a miracle we are not
 Already sacrific'd incarnate;
 For while we wrangle here, and jar, 1525
 We're grill'd all at Temple-bar;
 Some, on the signpost of an alchouse,
 Hang in effigy, on the gallows,
 Made up of rags, to personate
 Respective officers of state; 1530

[V. 1505.] This is an accurate description of the mob's
 burning rumps upon the admission of the seceded members,
 in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

That, henceforth, they may stand reputed,
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed;
 And, while the Work is carrying on,
 Be ready list'd under Dun;
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows,
 And tinder-box, of all his fellows;
 The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive;
 Who, for his faithful service then,
 Is chosen for a fifth agen:
 (For since the State has made a quint
 Of Generals, he's list'd in't)
 This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie, his own way;
 For, moulded to the life, in clouts
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em;

ψ. 1534.] Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

ψ. 1540.] Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641.—2.; was governor of Newcastle upon Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Auckland, and 6500 l. in money given him. He died in the Tower of London, Jan. 8, 1661.

ψ. 1541, 1542.] The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured, making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

And to the largest bonfire riding,
 They've roasted Cook already, and Pride in; 1550
 On whom, in equipage and state,
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
 And march in order, two and two,
 As at Thanksgivings th'us'd to do,
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
 Like vermin in effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
 Set up by Popish engineers,
 As by the crackers plainly' appears; 1560
 For none, but Jesuits, have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the Church with powder;
 Their founder was a blown-up soldi,
 These sp'ritual pioneers o' th' Whore's, 1565
 That have the charge of all her stores,
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,
 To take in heav'n by springing mines,
 And with unanswerable barrels
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,

[*ψ. 1550.*] The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

And blow us up, in th' open streets,
Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,
More like to ruin and confound,
Than all their doctrines under ground. 1575

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss,
For symbols of State-mysteries,
Tho' some suppose 'twas but to shew
How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580
Who, 'cause they 're waked to the stumps,
Are represented best by rumps.

But Jesuits have deeper reaches
In all their politic far-fetches,
And from the Coptic priest Kircherus,
Found out this mystic way to jeer us: 1585

For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
T' express their antique Ptolomies,
And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and pow'r; 1590

Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
But when they 're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state,
They thought all governments were best: 1595

By hieroglyphic rumps express.

For as, in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all,

ψ. 1585. Kircherus. J. Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath
wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning. Kircherus
in the two first editions.

So in a common-wealth, or realm,
 The government is call'd the Helm,
 With which, like vessels under sail,
 They 're turn'd and winded by the tall;
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with thro' sea and air,
 To whom the rudder of the rump is
 The same thing with the stern and compass.
 This shews how perfectly the rump
 And commonwealth in Nature jump:
 For as a fly, that goes to bed,
 Rests with his tail above his head,
 So, in this mongrel state of ours,
 The rabble are the supreme powers,
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.
 The learned Rabbins of the Jews
 Write, there's a bone, which they call *Luz*,
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
 No force in nature can do hurt to;
 And therefore, at the last great day,
 All th' other members shall, they say,
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetables proceed;
 From whence the learned sons of Art,
 Os sacrum justly style that part:
 Then what can better represent,
 Than this rump bone, the Parliament,

That after sev'ral rude ejections,
 And as prodigious resurrections,
 With new reversions of nine lives,
 Starts up, and, like a cat, revives? 1630

But now, alas! they're all expir'd;
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
 With which they other fires put out,
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress; 1635
 And paltry, private wretchedness;
 Worse than the devil to privation,
 Beyond all hopes of restoration;
 And parted, like the body and soul,
 From all dominion and control. 1640

We who could lately, with a look,
 Enact, establish, or revoke,
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
 And frownsikept multitudes in awe;
 Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off;
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
 Down to the footman and valet;
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
 And prayers, than the crowns of hats; 1650
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
 For ruin's just as low as high;
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all
 The horror that attends our fall:

For some of us have scores more large 1655
 Than heads and quarters can discharge;
 And others, who, by restless scraping,
 With public frauds, and private rapine,
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
 Would gladly lay down all at last; 1660
 And, to be but undone, entail
 Their vessels on perpetual jail,
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms
 Of forfeit soul, on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,

[1661, 1662.] This the Regicides, in general, would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed in *terrorem*. Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th Nov, 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not be executed against them? They severally alleged, "That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did render themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c." And Harry Martyn briskly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

[1665, 1666.] When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but by th' time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballiers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipi-

Who now begun t' outrun their fear,
 As horses do, from those they bear;
 But crowded on with so much haste,
 Until they 'ad block'd the passage fast,
 And barricaded it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks and paunches,
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippled piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken members,
 Than have them grill'd on the embers;
 Still pressing on with heavy packs
 Of one another on their backs,
 The van-guard could no longer bear
 The charges of the forlorn rear,
 Bnt, borne down headlong by the rout,
 Were trampled sorely under foot;
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
 As th' horrid cookery of the rabble;
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out,
 As lesser pains are by the gout,
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
 Of rallied force, enough to fly,
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs.

tately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The
 manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to
 embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

HUDIBRAS.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART III. CANTO III.

The Argument.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
To quit th' enchanted bow by night.
He plots to turn his amorous suit,
T' a plea in law, and prosecute;
Repairs to counsel, to advise
'Bout managing the enterprise;
But first resolves to try by letter;
And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears,
That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally, without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in th' imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful feats
Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all their nurseries of elves.

Our Poet now resumes his principal subject; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem: this respite might probably occasion forgetfulness in some readers, whose attention had been so long suspended: it was therefore necessary that a repetition should be made of the dark adventure, and that it should be made clear and intelligible to the reader.

For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences;
 As Rosicrucian virtuosos

15

Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
 And, when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear,
 That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions,
 And, when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best;

20

Do things not contrary, alone,
 To th' course of Nature, but its own,
 The courage of the bravest daunt,
 And turn pultrons as valiant:

25

For men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little fear;
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying,
 Will run away from death by dying;
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

30

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the Furies, left *perdue*,
 And haunted with detachments, sent
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,

35

y. 36.] Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out
 treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of
 the Rebels. He was called the *Geneva Bull*.

Was by a fiend, as counterfeited;
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,
 When nothing but himself, and fear;
 Was both the imps and conjurer;
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
 It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night;
 We left our champion on his flight;
 At blindman's buff, to grope his way;
 In equal fear of night and day;
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
 He knew no better than his horse;
 And by an unknown devil led,
 (He knew as little whither) fled,
 He never was in greater need,
 Nor less capacity of speed;
 Disabled, both in man and beast,
 To fly and run away, his best;
 To keep the enemy, and fear,
 From equal falling on his rear;
 And tho' with kicks and bangs he ply'd,
 The further and the nearer side;
 (As seamen ride with all their force,
 And tug as if they row'd the horse,
 And, when the hackney fails more swift,
 Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
 So, tho' he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste.

For fear, tho' fleetier than the wind, 85
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But when the morn began t' appear,
 And shift t' another scene his fear,
 He found his new officious shade,
 That came so timely to his aid, 90
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's snape,
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
 For Ralpho had no sooner told 95
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,
 But she convey'd him but of sight,
 To entertain the approaching Knight;
 And while he gave himself diversion,
 T' accommodate his beast and person, 100
 And put his beard into a posture
 At best advantage to assault her,
 She order'd th' antimasquerade
 (For his reception) aforesaid:
 For when the ceremony was done, 105
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,

y. 67.] I have before observed, that we may trace our
 heroes morning and night. This particular is always essential
 in poetry, to avoid confusion and disputes among the critics.
 How would they have calculated the number of days taken
 up in the Iliad, Aeneid, and Paradise Lost, if the poets had
 not been careful to lead them into the momentous discove-
 ry? Mr. Butler is as clear in this point as any of them;
 for, from opening of these Adventures, every morning and
 night have been poetically described; and now we are ar-
 rived at the third day.

And Hudibras, among the rest,
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
 The wretched caitiff, all alone,
 (As he believ'd) began to mean,
 And tell his story to himself,
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at Ralpho's outward man,
 And thought, because they oft agreed
 T' appear in one another's stead,
 And act the saint's, and devil's part,
 With undistinguishable art,
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 And put on one another's shapes;
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
 What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
 That took his place and shape to night?

ψ. 88. *But he convey'd him, &c.*] First edit. 1678. Altered, 1684, to *convey'd*.

ψ. 102, 103, 104.] Here is an amazing discovery opened. The Knight's dreadful apprehensions vanish with the night: no sooner does the day break, but with joy he perceives his mistake: he finds Ralpho in his company instead of an elf or a ghost: upon this he is agreeably surpris'd, as he was before terribly affrighted. But let us examine whether this meeting, and the reconciliation that follows it, are naturally brought about, since, the day before, they had mutually resolv'd to abandon each other. I think he hath judiciously form'd this incident; for it is plain the Knight and the Squire were conscious they had wronged one another, the one by his base intentions, and the other by his treachery and gross imposition; but very fortunately they were ignorant of each other's designs, and, consequently,

Some busy Independent pug,
 Retainer to his synagogue?
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
 Who 'as dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire,
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,
 Who 'ad turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
 And, tho' a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe, where now you are;
 Which you wou'd gratefully repay,
 Your constant Presbyterian way.

That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and stranger,
 Who gave thee notice of my danger?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
 Pursu'd, and took me prisoner;
 And, knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along, to find you out:

each thought himself the offender: it is, therefore, natural and probable that they should easily come to a good understanding. The Knight compounds with the Squire for his imposition as a ghost, not only from a sense of his own base intentions, but for the happy escape from witches, spirits, and elves, from which the Squire pretends to have freed him. On the other hand, the Squire is willing to re-enter into the Knight's service, and to attend him once more in his peregrinations, when he found this man meritorious action had deluded him into a suspension of that resentment which he might justly have exerted: thus are they fortunately reconciled, and thus are these momentous Adventures continued to the satisfaction of the reader, and applause of the Poet.

¶ *v. 103. Sprite.* In all the editions to 1726, inclusive. *Sprite*, edition 1739.

¶ *v. 110. Dunship.* In all editions to 1710. *Donskip*, in later editions.

Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
 Have noted all they said or did:
 And, tho' they lay to him the pageant,
 I did not see him, nor his agent;
 Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
 But didst thou see no devils then?
 Not one (quoth he) but carnal men,
 A little worfe than fiends in hell,
 And that she-devil Jezebel,
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he
 That play'd the dev'l to examine me?
 A rallying weaver in the town,
 That did it in a parson's gown;
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it:
 In which you told them all your feats,
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
 The naked truth of all the rest,
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer
 That to our Churches veil'd his miter;

[v. 145, 146.] Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that Mr. George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered in this place by Mr. Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Brecknell, in Strones, Feb. 11, 1639. To this re-

All which they take in black and white,
 And cudgell'd me to underwrite,
 What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone,
 To act the devil, and forbear
 To rid me of my hellish fear

Quoth he, I knew your constant rage,
 And frame of spirit too obstinate,
 To be by me prevail'd upon,
 With any motives of my own;
 And therefore strove to counterfeite
 The dev'l a while, to slick your wit;
 The devil, that is your constant crony,
 That only can prevail upon ye;
 Else we might still have been disputing,
 And they with weighty drubs confusing.

The Knight, who now began to find
 They 'ad left the enemy behind,
 And saw no farther harm remain
 But feeble weariness and pain,
 Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
 They 'ad gain'd th' advantage of the day,

markable incident Bishop Hall alludes. (Epistle Dedicatory
 prefixed to his *Episcopacy by Divine Right*, &c. 1640. p. r.)
 where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having
 "accepted his Episcopall function, as if he had thereby
 "committed some heinous offence." Upon which he notes
 the following exclamation, "Good God! what is this I have
 "lived to hear? That a bishop, in a Christian assembly,
 "should renounce his Episcopall function, and cry Mercy
 "for his now abandoned calling."

And, by declining of the road;
 They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170
 He ventur'd to dismise his fear,
 That partings went to rant and tear,
 And give the desperate'st attack;
 To danger still behind its back;
 For having paus'd to recollect;
 And on his past success reflect; 175
 To examine and consider why,
 And whence, and how, he came to fly,
 And when no devil had appear'd,
 What else it could be said he fear'd, 180
 It put him in so fierce a rage,
 He once resolv'd to so engage;
 Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again;
 With shame, and rage, and diffidence;
 Quoth he, it was thy cowardice 185
 That made me from this desert life;
 And when I had half-redoubt the place,
 To quit it infamously base;
 Was better cover'd by the new 190
 Arriv'd detachment, than I knew;
 To flight my new acquiesce, and run;
 Victoriously, from battles won;
 And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost;
 To make me put myself to flight;
 And, conqu'ring, run away by night; 195

To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do
 To mount me in the dark, by force,
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse,
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might the unequal fight renew;
 And, to preserve thy outward man,
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself, but you:
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs,
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
 Than managing a wooden horse;
 Dragg'd out thro' straiter holes by th' ears,
 Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers;
 Who, tho' th' attempt had prov'd in vain,
 Had had no reason to complain;
 But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons.
 The enemy was reïnforc'd,
 And we disabled and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,

Which, tho' as desp'rate in th' attempt,
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn't,
But were our bones in fit condition
To reinforce the expedition,
'Tis now unseasonable and vain,
To think of falling on again;
No martial project to pursue
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor cast design serve afterwards,
As gamesters tear their losing cards.
Beside, our bands of men and beasts
Are fit for nothing now but rest,
And for a while will not be able
To rally, and prove serviceable:
And therefore I, with reason, choose
This stratagem t' amuse our foes
To make an honourable retreat,
And wave a total sure defeat:
For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
Hence timely running's no mean part
Of conduct, in the martial art;
By which some glorious state achieves,
As citizens by breaking thrives;
And cannons on quiet minions, while
They seem to draw off and retire,
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest;

That spares th' expense of time and pains,
 And dan'grous beating out of brains;
 And, in the end, prevails as certain
 As those that never trust to Fortune;
 But make their fear do execution
 Beyond the stoutest resolution;
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,
 And, only trembling, overthrow
 If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men
 That only sav'd a citizen,
 What victory cou'd e'er be won,
 If ev'ry one wou'd save but one;
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost,
 Where all resolve to save the most
 By this means, when a battle's won,
 The war's as far from being done;
 For those that save themselves, and fly,
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory;
 And sometime, when the loss is small,
 And danger great, they challenge all;
 Print new additions to their seats,
 And emendations in Gazettes;
 And when, for furious haste to run,
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,
 Have done't with bonfires, and at home
 Made squibs and crackers over come;
 To set the rabble on a flame,
 And keep their governors from blame,

Disperse the news the pulpit tells;
 Confirm'd, with fireworks and with bells;
 And, tho' reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy,
 By flattering Heaven with a lie;
 And, for their beating, giving thanks;
 They 'ave rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly;
 And when the fight becomes a chase,
 Those win the day that win the race;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights;
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
 With th' uncontroll'd decrees of Fate
 To victory neccessitate;
 With which, altho' they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return;
 Or else their sultan populates
 Still strangle all their routed Bassa's.

v. 300. *With Bacrack.*] Or *Baccharak*, *Batrach*, edit.
 1684, and following editions.

Quoth Hndibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day;
 310 Altho' the rabble foud their hearts for't
 O'er head and ears, in mad tumult.
 'Tis true our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far,
 But not so resolute and bold,
 325 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to hands of cattle;
 Or fighting empoys of provision,
 The whole design of the expedition;
 330 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out
 As fighting, in all heats of party,
 And eating, are pastimes downy way,
 To give defiance to their tooth;
 335 And fight their Sabbath, gets to death;
 And those achieve the highest renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down.
 There's now no fear of wanton railing,
 All dangers are reduc'd to fasting,
 340 And feats of arms to plots, design,
 Surprise, and stratagems, and mine;

310. 328. The other's, &c. 1. Edit. 1704, and following
 ones.

But have no need nor use of courage;
Unless it be for glory' or forage;
For if they fight 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
To keep hereafter at a distance;
To pick out ground to incamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors;
Where both from side to side may skip,
And only' encounter at bo-peep:
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer they're to be parted,
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs,
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally:
For 'tis not now who's stout and bold?
But who bears hunger best, and cold?
And he's approv'd the most deserving;
Who longest can hold out at starving;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess.
So th' Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,

Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers;
 Engag'd his legions in fierce battles;
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles,
 And led his troops with furious gallops,
 To charge whole regiments of scallops;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car;
 But when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up,
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.
 Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I cou'd add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course
 To hope, by stratagem, to woe her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her;
 Tho' some have done it in romances,
 And bang'd them into am'rous fascines,
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drabbing of their bones;
 And stout Rinabro gain'd his bride
 By courting of her back and side.
 But since those times and feats are over,
 They are not for a modern lover,
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
 By such addresses to be gain'd;

And if they were, would have it out, **390**
 With many another kind of bout.
 Therefore I hold no course so infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezabel,
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
 Of ladies errant, forge of arms;
 But rather strive by law to win her, **395**
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear, you have her word;
 And me to witness the accord;
 Besides two more of her retinue,
 To testify what pass'd between you; **400**
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold;
 For which so many, that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd,
 And bills upon record been found, **405**
 That forc'd the ladies to compound;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the bus'ness you look after.
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war, **410**
 In which the law does execution,
 With less disorder and confusion;
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old,
 When those the pen had drawn together, **415**
 Decided quarrels with the feather,

And winged arrows kill'd as dead, now you'll find
 And more than bullets now of lead :
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures ;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms,
 And whatsoe'er's achiev'd in fight, 425
 Determines which is wrong or right :
 For whether you prevail, or lose,
 All must be try'd there in the close ;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere ye've done. 430

The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo ;
 That makes the most perfidious lover,
 A lady, that's as false, recover ;
 And if it judge upon your side, 435
 Will soon extend her for your bride,
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages, 440
 Who, tho' their business at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,

They never manage the contest, 445
 T' impair their public interest,
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession:
 Not like us Brethren, who divide
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side; 450
 And tho' we're all as near of kindred
 As th' outward man is to the inward,
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest single-fangle,
 While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 To make the best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss;
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses; 460
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws;
 Nor further prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day.
 And tho' th' abounded in all ages, 465
 With sundry learned clerks and sages;
 Tho' all their business be dispute,
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,
 They've no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert, 470
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound:

Divines of all sorts, and physicians;
 Philosophers, mathematicians;
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
 Condemn the way each other deals in;
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes; 480
 And heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred years ago.
 But lawyers are too wise a nation
 T' expose their trade to disputation,
 Or make the busy rabble judges; 485
 Of all their secret piques and grudges;
 In which, whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession's sure to pay.
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
 Dare undertake to do their feats, 490
 When in all other sciences
 They swarm like insects, and increase.
 For what bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward Light, a deed in law?
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
 An answer to a Declaration!
 For those that meddle with their tools,
 Will cut their fingers, if they're fools:

Ψ. 475.] Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born the latter-end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

And if you follow their advice,
In bills, and answers, and replies,
They'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
And soon reduce her to b^y your wife,
Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
But in appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better seem his own,
(All plagiarys' constant course
Of sinking, when they take a purse)
Resolv'd to follow his advice,
But kept it from him by disguise;
And, after stubborn contradiction,
To counterfeit his own conviction,
And, by transition, fall upon
The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest
Is, of all others, the unwisest;
For, if I think by law to gain her,
There's nothing sillier nor vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
Where nothing's certain but th' expense;
To act against myself, and traverse
My suit and title to her favours;

ψ. 507. Cry'd him down.] Edit. 1678, 1684. Cry'd them down, 1700, and following editions.

And if she should, which Heaven's forbid, 525
 O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake?
 He that with injury is griev'd;
 And goes to law to be redress'd;
 Is sillier than a foolish chouse;
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
 Applies himself to cunning men,
 To help him to his goods again;
 When all he can expect to gain,
 Is but to squander more in vain; 535
 And yet I have no other way,
 But is as difficult, to play;
 For to reduce her, by main force,
 Is now in vain; by fair means, worst;
 But worst of all to give her over,
 Till she's as desp'rate to recover;
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,
 Until they're never to be won;
 But since I have no other course,
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse, 545
 He that complies against his will,
 Is of his own opinion still,
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
 For reasons to himself best known; 550
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For Sdrophel resolves to go;

Whom I must answer, or begin,
Inevitably, first with him;
For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
By times enough, of his intent;
And knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the bus'ness gains;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest hand; 560
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear;
Is freely' admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place;
And, for his bringing custom in, 565
Has all advantages to win:
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter or surprise, 570
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor, and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575
A lawyer fit for such a case.
An old dull sot, who told the clock,
For many years, at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all; 580

Where, in all governments and times,
 He 'ad been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining;
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining;
 To many a whore gave privilege, 585
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterages,
 Cart-loads of bawds, to prison, sent,
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;
 And many a trusty pimp and crony,
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money, 590
 Engag'd the constable to seize,
 All those that wou'd not break the peace,
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Tho' sometimes commoners, or lords;
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
 For being sober at ill hours;
 That in the morning he might free
 Or bind 'em over for his fee,
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways, 600
 Farm'd out all cheats, and wast a share,
 With th' headborough and scavenger;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound,
 For taking up the public ground;
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605
 For being unmolested, pay;
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most;

Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
 And, for false weights, on chandelers;
 Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly offend;
 As residentary hawks,
 And brokers that receive stolen goods;
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,
 And pay church duties and his fees;
 But was implacable and awkward
 To all that interlop'd and hawked.

To this brave man the Knight repair'd
 For counsel in his law-affairs,
 And found him mounted, in his private
 With books and money plac'd for sale,
 Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
 And for his false opinion pay:
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
 Put off his hat, to put his case,
 Which he as proudly entertain'd
 As th' other courtously strain'd;
 And, to assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel
 Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.

And now he brags to 'ave beaten me; 635
 Better, and better still, quoth he;
 And vows to stick me to a wall,
 Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
 'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath,
 That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth. 640
 When he 'as confes'd he stole my cloak,
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,
 And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
 Now, whether I should beforehand, 645
 Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
 Or bring my action of conversion
 And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson.
 Or, if 'tis better to indite,
 And bring him to his trial?—Right. 650
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' state against him?—True.
 Or whether he that is defendant,
 In this case, has the better end on't;
 Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 655
 May traverse the action?—Better still.
 Then there's a lady, too.—Aye, marry.
 That's easily prov'd accessary;
 A Widow, who, by solemn vows
 Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all—Good Lord!

Suborn'd th' aforefaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the devil of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night,
Mean while they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse,
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretched miscarriage.

Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim
For if they 'ave us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I wou'd it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I wou'd so trounce her, and her pack;
I'd made her kneel for better or worse;
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and chuse,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And if I durst I wou'd advance
As much in ready maintenance,

As upon any case I've known;
 But we that practise dare not own :
 The law severely contrabands
 Our taking bus'ness off men's hands;
 'Tis common barratry, that bears
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them till there is not leather;
 To stick a pin in, left of either;
 For which some do the summer-fault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault :
 But you may swear at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state;
 For in all courts of justice here
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath, that is, in plain terms,
 To forge whatever he affirms.
 (I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that;
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat—)
 For Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
 Like Charity; else right and wrong
 Cou'd never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
 Convey men's interest, and right,
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
 As easily as *Hocus Pocus*;
 Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious;
 And clear again, like *biccus doctius*.

Then, whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your wife,
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters pass,
 The bus'ness to the law's alone,
 The proof is all it looks upon;
 And you can want no witnesses,
 To swear to any thing you please,
 That hardly get their mere expenses
 By th' labour of their consciences,
 Or letting out, to hire, their ears
 To Affidavit-customers,
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for jurymen, or tales,
 Altho' retain'd in th' hardest matters
 Of trustees and administrators.

For that, (quoth he) let me alone;
 We 'ave store of such, and all our own,
 Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
 Th' ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, (quoth he) but I should guess,
 By weighing all advantages,
 Your surest way is first to pitch
 On Bongey for a water-witch;

ψ. 723.—*Alone.* J. In all editions to 1704, inclusive. *All one*, in later editions.

ψ. 742.] Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age every thing that seemed extraordinary

And when ye have hang'd the conjurer,
 Ye have time enough to deal with her.
 In th' int'rim spare for no trepans
 To draw her neck into the bunny,
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillots,
 With trains t' inveigle and surprize
 Her heedless answers and replies,
 And if she miss the mouse-trap line,
 They'll serve for other by-designs;
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal, or hand;
 Or find void places in the paper
 To steal in something to intrap her;
 Till with her worldly goods, and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye.
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply i' th' temples, under trees,
 Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn;
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
 And Affidavit-men ne'er fail

was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went
 under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey
 also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some
 well-meaning credulous people in this opinion; but it was
 altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen Provincial of
 his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

T' expose to sale all sorts of bathie,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel, and their souls; 770
And when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quoth Nudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill 775
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause,
Against the weather-gage of laws,
And ring the changes upon bates;
As plain as noses upon faces, 780
As you have well instructed me;
For which you have earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
I long to practise your advice;
And try the subtle artifices;
To bait a letter, as you bid. 785
As, not long after, thus he did;
For, having pomp'd up all his wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

[P. 782.] The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water-poet, p. 101. "May the terms be everlasting to thee; thou man of tongue; and may contentions grow and multiply; may actions beget actions, and cases in gender cases as thick as hops; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday; let proclamations forbid fighting, to these actions of battery; that thy callock may be three-piled, and the wells of thy gown may not grow thread-bare!"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE *

OF HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I who was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a conqueror
As ever took degree in war,
Or did his exercise in battle, 5
By you turn'd out to grafs with cattle:
For since I am deny'd access
To all my earthly happiness,
Am fallen from the paradise
Of your good graces; and fair eyes; 10
Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting banishment,
Where all the hopes I had to 'ave won
Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.

Yet if you were not so severe 15
To pass your doom before you hear,
You'd find, upon my just defence,
How much ye 'ave wrong'd my innocence,
That once I made a vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true; 20

* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow: it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for: on the contrary, her Answer silenced all his pretensions.

But not, because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, tho' delay'd :
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as youl'd have it thought;
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :
 For there's a difference in the case,
 Between the noble and the base;
 Who always are observ'd to 'ave don't
 Upon as different an account ; 30
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To save, in honour, ugly flaws ;
 For none are like to do it sooner,
 Than those who 're nicest of their honour :
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35
 Forswear and perjure by the day,
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls, and consciences, a calling.

It is no scandal nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person, 40
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
 Tho' 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
 In meaner men, to do the same :
 For to be able to forget, 45
 Is found more useful to the great
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
 To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.

But tho' the law, on perjurers,
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears,
 It is not just, that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish the innocent;
 To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue;
 And, when one member is forsworn,
 Another to be cropt or torn.
 And if you shou'd, as you design,
 By course of law, recover mine,
 You're like, if you consider right,
 To gain but little honour by't,
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
 Does not so much deserve her favour,
 As he that pawns his soul to have her.
 This ye 'ave acknowledg'd I have done,
 Altho' you now disdain to own;
 But sentence what you rather ought
 T' esteem good service than a fault.
 Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
 That literal sense the words infer;
 But, by the practice of the age,
 Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
 And where the sense by custom's check,
 Are found void and of none effect;
 For no man takes or keeps a vow,
 But just as he sees others do.

Not are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
 As not to yield and bow a little:
 For as best-temper'd blades are found,
 Before they break, to bend quite round; 80
 So truest oaths are still most tough,
 And, tho' they bow, are breaking proof.
 Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
 In love a greater latitude?
 For as the law of arms approves 85
 All ways to conquest, so shou'd love's;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails:
 For how can that which is above
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90
 Submit its great prerogative
 To any other power alive?
 Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
 Become the subject of a case?
 The fundamental law of Nature 95
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?
 Commit the censure of its cause
 To any, but its own great laws?
 Love, that's the world's preservative,
 That keeps all souls of things alive; 100
 Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
 And gives mankind a longer date;
 The life of Nature, that restores
 As fast as Time and Death devours,

To whose free-gift the world does own **108**
 Not only earth, but heaven too:
 For love's the only trade that's driven,
 The interest of state in heav'n,
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 Is capable to entertain **109**
 For what can earth produce, but love,
 To represent the joys above?
 Or who, but lovers, can converse
 Like angels, by the eye discourse?
 Address, and compliment by vision
 Make love, and court by intuition **110**
 And burn in am'rous flames as fires
 As those celestial ministers?
 Then how can any thing offend,
 In order to so great an end? **111**
 Or Heav'n itself a sin resent,
 That for its own supply was meant?
 That merits, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for th' offence's sake?
 Or if it did not, but the cause **112**
 Were left to th' injury of laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove
 There should be equity in love?
 For laws that are inanimate
 And feel no sense of love or hate **113**
 That have no passion of their own
 Nor pity to be wrought upon **114**

Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge, on criminals as **130**
 But to have power to forgive
 Is empire and prerogative
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
 To grant a pardon than condemn
 Then, since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault **140**
 For why should he who made address
 All humble ways, without success
 And met with nothing in return
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn
 Not strive by wit to countermin
 And bravely carry his design **145**
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
 Blown up with philtres of love powder?
 And, after letting blood and purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging **150**
 Alarm'd with many a horrid sight,
 And claw'd by goblins in the night,
 Insulted on, revil'd, and ier'd,
 With rude insults of his beard
 And, when your sex was foully scandal'd **155**
 As foully by the rabble handled,
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows,
 And, after all, to be debar'd
 So much as standing on his guard **160**

When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites;
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165
 And nursing babies that lie in,
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our cully sex, and we use none?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows,
 Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down?
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
 And kill with a retreating eye;
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175
 To draw us into ambushes:
 As pirates all false colours wear,
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner;
 So women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrow'd flags of white and red; 180
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
 And raise more devils with their looks,
 Than conjurers' less subtle books:
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
 In tow'rs, and curls, and perriwigs,
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard;

Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 Those to adore 'em they disdain : 190
 And only draw 'em in to elog,
 With idle names, a catalogue.
 A lover is, the more he's brave,
 T' his mistress, but the more a slave,
 And whatsoever she commands, 195
 Becomes a favour from her hands,
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just.
 Then when he is compelled by her
 T' adventures he wou'd else forbear, 200
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command,
 And when necessity's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad,
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
 Join'd forces not to be withstand,
 By frail inamour'd flesh and blood,
 All I have done, unjust or ill,
 Was in obedience to your will, 210
 And all the blame that can be due
 Falls to your cruelty and you,
 Nor are those scandals I confess,
 Against my will and interest,
 More than is daily done, of course, 215
 By all men, when they're under force :

Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please;
 But are no sooner out of pain,
 Than they deny it all again. 220
 But when the devil turns confessor,
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
 To hear or pardon, like the founder
 Of liars, whom they all claim under:
 And therefore when I told him none, 225
 I think it was the wiser done.
 Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went;
 All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does the same, or worse. 230
 For what romance can shew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his amours?
 And what at first was held a crime, 235
 Has turn'd to hon'able in time.

To what a height did Infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come?
 When men upon their spoufes seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd;

*ψ. 230. And daily does.] In all editions to 1716, inclusive.
 Daily do, 1726, &c.*

Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade, to wooe:
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245
 Nor juggled about settlements;
 Did need no license, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,
 Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In the holy state of matrimony, 250
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till alimony or death departs;
 Nor wou'd endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,
 But took a wife and shorter course 255
 To win the ladies, downright force;
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,
 As they have, often since, us men,
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues; 260
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure;
 For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves, for ev'ry minute, more 265
 Than half a year of love before;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won; 270

And such as all posterity
 Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
 For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them. — It follows, then,
 That men have right to every one,
 And they no freedom of their own;
 And therefore men have pow'r to chuse,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours;
 Tho' by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse;
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why shou'd ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great Lord's interest?
 Have freer pow'r than He, in Grace
 And Nature, o'er the creature has?
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had;
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion
 That Nature gave him over women;
 When all his power will not extend
 One law of Nature to suspend;
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smallest clause, is to rebel.

This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they wou'd make good,
 And not, like fots, permit their wives
 T' inroach on their prerogatives,
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery:
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305
 Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
 And disobey'd in making love,
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
 And make ye suffer, as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fault: 310
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.

Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to show 315
 Excess of love and temper too;

[Y. 305, 306.] Sir Roger L'Estrange (*Key to Hudibras*) mentions Mr. Cate as one; and Mr. Butler, in his *Posthumous works**, mentions Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters: and the writer of a letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9. observes of Peters, "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both mother and daughter with child." "I am glad (says an anonymous person, *Thurloe's State Papers*, vol. IV. p. 734.) to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again; it was reported here, (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655.) that he was found with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Thyer in 1759, which make the third volume of this Work.

All I have said that's bad and true;
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sov'reign's control
 O'er that poor slave of young's, my soul;
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
 Both with an equal pow'r possess'd,
 To render all that serve you blest;
 But none like him, who's destin'd either
 To have or lose you both together;
 And if you'll but this fault release,
 (For so it must be, since you please)
 I'll pay down all that vow, and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore;
 And expiate, upon my skin,
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin;
 For 'tis but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing penance for delay,
 Which shall be done, until it move

335

Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
 Believ'd he 'ad brought her to his whistle,
 And read it, like a jocund lover,
 With great applause, t' himself, twice over;
 Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
 And humble distance, to his wit,
 And dated it with wondrous art,
 Giv'n from the bottom of his heart;

340

Then said it with his coat of love, 345
 A smoaking faggot—and above,
 Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep,
 And near it—For her Ladyship,
 Of all her sex most excellent,
 These to her gentle hands present; 350
 Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
 With lessons how to observe and eye her.
 She first consider'd which was better,
 To send it back, or burn the letter:
 But guessing that it might import, 355
 Tho' nothing else, at least her sport,
 She open'd it, and read it out,
 With many a smile and leering frown;
 Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
 And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,
 At least to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the pound replevin you,
 When both your sword and spurs were won 5
 In combat by an Amazon;
 That sword that did, like Fate, determin
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10
 By Trulla was, in single fight,
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,
 And in the stocks close prisoners,
 Where still they 'ad lain, in base restraint, 15
 If I, in pity' of your complaint,
 Had not, on hon'able conditions,
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons;
 And what return that favour met
 You cannot (tho' you wou'd) forget; 20
 When, being free, you strove t' evade
 The oaths you had in prison made;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd, and justify'd it,

And when ye 'ad falsely broke one vow, 25
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two;
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter for your ears, 30
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
 You claim us boldly as your due,
 Declare that treachery and force,
 To deal with us, is th' only course;
 We have no title nor pretence 35
 To body, soul, or conscience,
 But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware:
 These are the motives which, t' induce,
 Or fright us into love, you use; 40
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting,
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
 For charity at once, and threat.
 But since you undertake to prove 45
 Your own propriety in love,
 As if we were but lawful prize
 In war between two enemies,
 Or forfeitures which ev'ry lover,
 That would but sue for, might recover 50
 It is not hard to understand
 The myst'ry of this bold demand,

That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds; that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads
Which on our lips you lay for reds,
And make us wear like Indian Dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames;
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls; our teeth,
That you are so transported with,
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.
Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,
The perriwigs you make us wear,
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wildfire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know,
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals, and jargones;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Pine for the beauties of my grounds;
What raptures fond and amorous,
O' th' charms and graces of my house;

What ecstasy and scorching flame;
 Burns for my money in my name;
 What, from th' unnatural desire
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire;
 What tender sigh, and trickling tear,
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year;
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
 Inamour'd, at first sight, withal;
 To these they' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades;
 And yet, for all the yearning pain
 Ye 'ave suffer'd for their loves in vain,
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy,
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.
 This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment, in your choice of love,
 Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study't as an art;
 For love shou'd, like a deodand,
 Still fall to th' owner of the land;
 And, where there's substance for its ground,
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter basis
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;

Which is of such thin subtilty,
 It steals and creeps in at the eye,
 And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again as nice a way.
 But love, that its extraction owns
 From solid gold and precious stones,
 Must, like its shining parents, prove
 As solid, and as glorious love.
 Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
 Our charms and graces but by these;
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
 Which beauty's invades and conquers with,
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
 With which a philtre love commands?
 This is the way all parents prove
 In managing their children's love,
 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed,
 As if th' were burying of the dead;
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
 To join in wedlock all they have,
 And, when the settlement's in force,
 Take all the rest for better or worse;
 For money has a power above
 The stars, and fate, to manage love,
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
 That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
 And tho' some say the parents' claims
 To make love in their children's names,

Who, many times, at once provide
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride;
 Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
 And wooe and contract in their names, 140
 And, as they christen, use to marry' em;
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em;
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money,
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
 And when they're at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage chuse.
 All this is right; but, for the course
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done,
 No more than setters can betray,
 That tell what tricks they are to play.
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
 Which all men either break, or bow;
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but wooe?
 Such as beforehand swear and lie,
 For earnest to their treachery, 160
 And, rather than a crime confess,
 With greater strive to make it less:
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
 Maintain their innocence to the last;

And when their crimes were made appear, 163
 As plain as witnesses can swear,
 Yet when the wretches come to die,
 Will take upon their death a lie.
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
 So slight as to be justify'd,
 By being as shamefully deny'd;
 As if you thought your word would pass,
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
 Or credit were not to be lost 175
 B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
 That eats perfidiously his word,
 And swears his ears thro' a two-inch board;
 Can own the same thing, and disown,
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*, 180
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out, to be forsworn;
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.

[p. 183.] The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it a corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one Jaquet, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice, (who kept Portchester Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the Court answered, He spoke too late; Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or

These are the virtues in whose name
A right to all the world you claim,
 And boldly challenge a dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women;
 Of whom no less will satisfy,
 Than all the sex, your tyranny:
Altho' you'll find it a hard province,
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,
 To govern such a num'rous crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you;
 For if you all were Solomons,
 And wise and great as he was once,
 You'll find they're able to subdue
 (As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own temptation done,
 That with your ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the sleight;
 For when we find ye're still more taken
 With false attracts of our own making,
 Swear that's a rose, and that's a stone,
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,

no. replied, "He had not yet kissed the book." The Court answered, That was no matter; it was but a ceremony; he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record.

- You force us, in our own defences,
 To copy beams and influences;
 To lay perfections on the graces,
 And draw attracts upon our faces,
 And, in compliance to your wit,
 Your own false jewels counterfeit:
 For by the practice of those arts
 We gain a greater share of hearts;
 And those deserve in reason most,
 That greatest pains and study cost;
 For great perfections are, like heav'n,
 Too rich a present to be given.
 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
 To be perform'd without hard duty,
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
 The simple natural excel.
 How fair and sweet the planted rose
 Beyond the wild in hedges grows!
 For, without art, the noblest seeds
 Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds:
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground,
 And polish'd, looks a diamond?
 Tho' Paradise were e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without care.
 The whole world, without art and dress,
 Wou'd be but one great wilderness;
 And mankind but a savage herd,
 For all that Nature has conferr'd;

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This does but rough-hew and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.
 Tho' women first were made for men,
 Yet men were made for them agen: 240
 For when (out-witted by his wife)
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
 If women had not interven'd,
 How soon had mankind had an end!
 And that it is in being yet, 245
 To us alone you are in debt.
 And where's your liberty of choice,
 And our unnatural No-voice?
 Since all the privilege you boast,
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250
 Is now our right, to whose creation
 You owe your happy restoration.
 And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear, in making laws,
 We cou'd, in spite of all your tricks, 255
 And shallow formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in shew) give way.
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260
 You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit and own yourselves our slaves;
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,

Like fots, suppose we have no shares; 265
 In ord'ring you, and your affairs;
 When all your empire and command
 You have from us, at second hand;
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers; 270
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like ev'ry common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
 And did not guide the man of war;
 Nor we, because we don't appear
 In Councils, do not govern there; 275
 While, like the mighty Prester John,
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,
 From b'ing made cheap to vulgar eyes; 280
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men;
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down;
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;

Ψ. 277.] Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

Ψ. 285.] Joan of Arc, called also *The Pucelle*, or *Maid of Orleans*. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc and Isabella Romee; was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God

Who, tho' a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cause;
Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue;
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'rful eloquence.
We manage things of greatest weight
In all the world's affairs of state;
Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.
We rule all churches, and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox,

to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Comte de Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles VII. when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament, openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Catharine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the *cross* and *fleur de lis* were engraven, which put the King in a very great surprize, in regard none besides himself knew of it: upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a rally at Champagne, in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place, in May 1430.

ψ. 288.] All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

And are the heav'nly vehicles
 O' th' spirits in all Conventicles:
 By us is all commerce and trade
 Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
 For nothing can go off so well,
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
 We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
 And make men do what we judge fitting;
 Are magistrates in all great towns,
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns.
 We make the man of war strike fail,
 And to our braver conduct veil,
 And, when he 'as chas'd his enemies,
 Submit to us upon his knees.
 Is there an officer of state,
 Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
 That's haughty and imperious?
 He's but a journeyman to us,
 That, as he gives us cause to do't,
 Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We are your guardians, that increase,
 Or waste your fortunes how we please;
 And, as you humour us, can deal
 In all your matters, ill or well,
 'Tis we that can dispose, alone,
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,
 To whose integrity you must,
 In spite of all your caution, trust;

And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
 Can fit you with what heirs we please;
 And force you t' own them, tho' begotten
 By French valets, or Irish footmen.
 Nor can the rigoroufist course
 Prevail, unless to make us worse;
 Who still the harsher we are us'd,
 Are further off from b'ing reduc'd,
 And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
 The least punctillios of our wills.
 Force does but whet our wits t' apply
 Arts, born with us, for remedy,
 Which all your politics, as yet,
 Have ne'er been able to defeat:
 For, when ye 'ave try'd all sorts of ways,
 What fools do we make of you in plays?
 While all the favours we afford,
 Are but to girt you with the sword,
 To fight our battles in our steads,
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,
 And fight, at once, with fire and water,
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
 Our pride and vanity t' appease;
 Kill one another, and cut throats,
 For our good graces, and best thoughts;
 To do your exercise for honour,
 And have your brains beat out the sooner;

Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known;
 And still appear the more industrious,
 The more your projects are prepos't'rous; 360
 To square the circle of the arts,
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;
 Expound the oracle of laws,
 And turn them which way we see cause;
 Be our solicitors and agents,
 And stand for us in all engagements. 365

And these are all the mighty pow'rs
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,
 And what in real value's wanting,
 Supply with vapouring and ranting: 370
 Because yourselves are terrify'd;
 And stoop to one another's pride,
 Believe we have as little wit
 To be out-hector'd, and submit:
 By your example, lose that right 375
 In treaties which we gain'd in fight;
 And terrify'd into an awe,
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law;
 Or, as some nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your mighty race; 380
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the better women.

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